

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

The ladies of a Western church are to give a "rubber" social. Well, well, what neckst.

Jean de Bloch says America could starve Europe, but we promise not to do it as long as Europe has any money.

In spite of their pride of birth the members of the Castellane family always retain sufficient presence of mind to marry heiresses.

There is a great sense of relief in being able to write a \$10,000 check without the government swiping 2 cents on the transaction. Just try it.

A farmer killed himself because he couldn't keep the hogs out of his corn. Those who never tried to keep hogs out of corn will probably consider this a trivial reason.

A literary society has decided that it is improper for a girl over 10 years of age to climb a tree. But what would a poor girl do who was being chased by a mad bull or a ferocious mouse?

The other day Emma Jabolowskivartzes and Enos Nye were wed. What a sigh of relief must have escaped the presumably fair bride when she felt that name slipping away from her.

By imperial decree from Russia's Czar, woman is granted equal rights of admission to the Alexander University in Helsinki, Finland, with tyrant man. Who will now deny that the world do move?

A Louisville woman is suing a telegraph company because one of its messengers, "traveling at a great rate of speed," ran against her in the street. The boy had probably been let off to go to a ball game or something.

A New York newspaper remarks that "ferries come and ferries go, bridges rise and bridges fall, but tunnels last forever." There is a scientific truth in the observation. Of all works of man earthworks—plain earth-mounds sodded over—are about the most enduring. A properly constructed tunnel is essentially a work in earth, and so almost as permanent as the great globe itself.

Mr. Carnegie intimates that he has come to the conclusion that the art of making money is a gift. As Mr. Carnegie is an expert along this line there are a great many people who will be quite ready to combine their own experience with his declaration and cheerfully acquiesce in it. At the same time this is a theory that may be carried altogether too far. Broadly considered the gift of making money is the gift of application, of industry, of courage, of the art of plucking down opportunity at the eventful moment that it ripens.

A patriotic New-Yorker, a member of the Sons of the Revolution, is preparing to give to each of the public-school buildings of New York City a copy, of colossal size, of the famous Houdon bust of Washington. The model, made by Wilson MacDonald, one of the oldest sculptors in America, has already been accepted. The public-spirited donor believes that love of country should be taught in the schools, and that there is no better way of teaching it than by keeping the memory of the greatest patriots fresh in the minds of the pupils. Naturally the Father of his Country comes first.

Tradition asserts that the Queen of Sheba gave Solomon an intricately pierced stone to thread. He solved the problem by forcing a worm, dragging a thread, to crawl through the winding passage. The modern version is on a magnified scale. To test the right of Chicago to call itself a seaport, the steamer Northman, loaded with Western grain, timber and machinery, has made the voyage from Chicago to Hamburg by way of the great lakes and the Welland Canal. The white thread of her wake can hardly fail to weave a new and important pattern into the maritime commerce of nations.

In some of our Sunday papers, specialists have been discussing how much of a man's anatomy may be pruned without destroying his usefulness. Dr. George E. Marks, who is a specialist in an unpleasant sounding thing called prosthesis, thinks that after a man's extremities are lopped off, he really ought to live longer, because "the labors of the heart are lessened to force the blood to the furthestmost avenues, the nervous system is less harassed and the respiratory organs are not so easily overcome in the stress of life." Dr. Metchnikoff, "the distinguished bacteriologist," has ventured the opinion that "a greater part of the intestinal canal is useless for man, because all the essential functions of digestion and nutrition can satisfactorily be carried on after cutting away the alleged superfluous." The general public is getting to be of Mr. Dooley's opinion, that if the doctors opened more windows and fewer patients, the general health would be better and the death rate considerably lower.

None who gives attention to the matter will deny that this country would be freer and happier if there were a lawful check against laws, says the Saturday Evening Post. The lack of any such checks puts on the people of every State, in every season, such a mass of restraints that not the lawyers

themselves keep track of them, and confusion is worse confounded by the wrongness, inconsistency and mutual interference of the bills that go through the annual grist. Legislatures are commonly political rather than statesmanlike, and they put into the permanent form of law schemes for temporary and party benefit. Sometimes the laws are not even so wide as that, but are mere screws for extortion. It cannot be that so many measures are needed to preserve the uprightness of a country that is naturally as upright as any in the world, yet it is a fact that over 20,000 pages of laws issue every year from the legislatures of our States. We live in a riot of law-making. It is a blessing that most of the measures are dead letters from the day of their enactment, yet it is a danger that any of them can be resurrected from the limbo of the forgotten and used to enforce an unjust demand or express a prejudice. Lacking a national check or standard of law, the various States and the various townships of a State can be widely divided against one another. One could multiply, through hundreds of pages, the absurdities and inconsistencies for which zeal in law-making is responsible, but it would not check their increase. That is best prevented by allowing the people to approve or nullify their laws. Initiative and referendum offer great possibilities, for if laws were submitted for final adoption to the people themselves; or, if we could confine our legislatures to biennial performances of not more than sixty days' duration, there would be a surcease of law, and the governing statutes would sift down to a few sensible measures. We elect men to make laws, but men who would accept office with the understanding that they were to unmake hundreds now on the books should be, and possibly would be, hurried into office by tumultuous majorities.

The London Spectator turns from questions of war, taxation and American progress to discuss the prevalence of mild untruthfulness. It not only believes that everybody departs from the truth more or less, but it defends the departure. The editor solemnly affirms that conventional or society lying, when practiced with strict moderation, is in no way detrimental to the moral health. Moderate story telling, like moderate drinking, is a vague term and suggests the danger of final immoderate indulgence, but the Spectator makes an argument in behalf of the former that is not all sophistry, although it may be censured by moralists who do not always practice what they preach. The woman who sends her maid to the door to say she is "not at home," or who begs her guest not to hurry when she means "Do go," is only practicing one part of an extensive code that prevails throughout polite society. What should we do with the inquisitive people in the world if every question they ask had to be answered with absolute truthfulness. "I refuse to answer" is seldom a pleasing rejoinder, and is not always effective. The "white lie" is often the only weapon that will serve to defend one's self and at the same time not destroy friendship. So long as curious people will ask questions which it is inexpedient to answer and give invitations it is inconvenient to accept, it is to be feared there is little hope of a reign of absolute truthfulness. Perhaps the most that can be asked is that there be no deviation from truth which can in any way injure others, or which can be avoided without wounding the feelings of others. A man hardly would dare to invite a friend to dinner if the friend could not indulge in a polite lie and say he was sorry, but he had no engagement and could not come. If he told the truth he might, according to the Spectator, have to say: "I do not like you and your friends bore me," or, "I could come quite easily, but I do not care to associate with the second-class people among whom you live." The question is: What would be gained by the truth in such cases? Society would have to be made over on an entirely new system if it had to be run without the oil of polite prevarication—fibbing which may not deceive but which does not offend—and it is doubtful whether it would be as productive of good as it is now. Certainly the world would be a more uncomfortable place to live in, as uncomfortable as Gilbert's "Palace of Truth." These white lies are manufactured largely out of the milk of human kindness. They are prompted by a desire not to injure other people's feelings. As the Spectator says, we have all entered into a tacit agreement that under certain circumstances we will deceive each other for the common comfort. Society seems to have adopted the philosophy that there are times when peace and good will are worth more than the absolute truth, when that truth will be provocative of ill will.

Nearly Surrounded.
At a Latin school the other day a teacher, having asked most of his pupils the difference between an island and a peninsula without receiving a satisfactory answer, came to the last boy.
"I can explain it, sir," said the bright youth. First, get two glasses; fill one with water and the other with milk. Then catch a fly and place it in the glass of water. That fly is an island, because it is entirely surrounded by water. But now place the fly in the glass of milk and it will be a peninsula, because it is nearly surrounded by water."

The boy went up to the top of the class.—London Spare Moments.

Bedroom Temperature.
The temperature of the bedroom should, it is said, be from 55 to 60 degrees.

Osculation is apt to make a bit with a miss.

Topics & Times

Golf is now played along the banks of the Nile.

London has now a population of about four and a half millions.

Naturalists say that there is a black deer native to the Philippines that "barks and bays like a hound."

Seven women reached the summit of Mont Blanc last season, thus sharing another of man's special occupations.

Among the victims of the great heat in New York last summer was a Porto Rican negro, fresh from the sun island.

Now and then an automobilist is arrested by New York policemen for running too fast; but most of them go about as they want to.

Dandelion farms will be established and maintained in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, as there is a profit in raising the little yellow-flowered plant.

There are dozens of families in the English peerage and baronetage, that cannot trace their ancestry as far back as the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The man who plays Judas in the Oberammergau Passion Play has become morbid on the subject, and it is feared by some that he will really hang himself.

Spanish army officers, from the rank of general to that of non-commissioned grade, were lavishly rewarded by their government for being soundly thrashed in Cuba.

Marriages with deceased wives' sisters are still illegal in Australia the same as in England, although many Australians angrily demand legislation to the contrary.

Restless felines that howl around of nights and keep folks awake, should be informed that cat-skins are worth 50 cents apiece, and are used for making "sealskin" cloaks.

Notwithstanding the removal of 80,000 to 90,000 tons annually from the great liquid asphaltum lake in the island of Trinidad, the supply practically remains undiminished.

England is taxed now as never before. The present "budget" equals \$88,000,000, or about \$412,000,000 per annum—\$90,000,000 for army and navy, and the remainder interest on old debts.

New York Broadway cars are now propelled through the entire length of the track by electricity—the old cable method having been laid aside and the new system substituted in thirty-six hours.

And now the great oil-rivers, in their underground wanderings, seem to have reached Florida, and there is great excitement in Marion County, where business men are securing territory, all expecting "gushers."

Cubans having, after some discussion, accepted the Platt amendment, supposed that United States troops would then be withdrawn; but now it is announced that the soldiers will stay till the amendments are complied with.

"Put's Hill," down at Greenwich, Conn., where Gen. Putnam rode his horse in safety while the British did not dare to pursue, has been threatened by a trolley track; but the Daughters of the Revolution interfered successfully.

The seventh annual Peace Congress has opened at Lake Mohonk, N. Y. The peaceful deliberations of this assembly will not be disturbed by a contemplation of the fact that the world's construction of battleships will probably be twice as extensive as last year.

If you happen to run across a Buffalo Exposition two-cent postage stamp with cars running the wrong way, do not send it to us for subscription, but sell it for thirty or forty dollars, and give us regular ones. Only a few return trains were printed, and those by mistake.

Russia has been for years a close competitor of United States, in the production of kerosene, though it is probable that the recent discoveries in the latter will enable it to continue to lead in the number of gallons produced; while the fact that American oil produces nearly twice as much refined illuminating oil from a given quantity of crude as the Russian oil, adds greatly to its value as a commercial product.

DESERTERS' REMARKABLE FEATS

Devices of British Soldiers to Escape from the Army.

To desert from either the army or the navy is not the easiest thing in the world, and even when accomplished the culprit lives in daily fear of being recaptured and sentenced to a heavy term of imprisonment. Therefore, the devices employed by some deserters are as ingenious as they are exciting, although they cannot be said to be always crowned with success. For sheer audacity the case of an Irish soldier who deserted in a South coast town some years ago would be hard to beat. Just at that time a number of desertions had occurred in the neighborhood, and the authorities were therefore unusually sharp to prevent further offenses of this nature. But the man in question was dissatisfied with soldiering, and having a number of friends in the town who were disposed to help him, and being possessed of an unusually large modicum of pluck, resolved to delay his return to civil life no longer. One morning early he slipped out of barracks and made his way to a friend's house without being seen. Arriving there he shaved off his mustache, and donning a policeman's uniform, boldly promenaded the main streets of the town. He was, of course, missed in barracks, and knew

that the surrounding country was being scoured in the hopes of finding him. On one occasion his sergeant came up to him and asked him if he had seen or heard anything of the missing man, and he, of course, replied that he had not, but he would keep his eyes open! For more than a fortnight he preserved his disguise without it being penetrated even by the police themselves, and he then calmly left the town when the hue and cry had subsided somewhat. Nevertheless, his enterprise came to naught, for he was arrested trying to work his passage back to Ireland.

Scarcely less audacious was the ruse employed by another dissatisfied son of Mars, and in this case, likewise, it proved futile. He happened to know that a certain publican in the town was in anything but affluent circumstances, for he visited the house regularly, and from remarks dropped at odd times discovered that the publican was heavily in debt to a Scotch spirit merchant.

One morning, as soon as the publican opened his doors, the soldier arrived, after having first disguised himself with a beard and wig and donned civilian attire. With him came a friend, who agreed to act as a representative of the law, and he promptly told the astonished publican that he had orders to leave a man in possession unless the sum owing to the Scotch spirit merchant was paid to him there and then. The publican, of course, could not pay, so the deserter was quartered upon him and lived in his house and at his expense for more than a week before the deception was discovered. Perhaps the most successful deserter—for a time—was William Conrad. Through one of his comrades he heard of a man whose son had gone to Australia gold mining, and had apparently disappeared, for nothing more had been heard of him, though the parent still believed he would see him again. Conrad therefore hit upon the ingenious idea of leaving the army by stealth, and, going to the man, informing him that he was the missing son. As his knowledge of Australia was considerable, he lost no time in putting his plan into execution, and the parent, believing in him despite the supposed alteration in his appearance, provided him with a home and money galore, a commodity he confessed he lacked. But, unfortunately for him, at the end of eighteen months the real son turned up, and what followed can better be imagined than described.—The Regiment.

WHY MODERN TEA HURTS YOU.
Too Much Rush in Preparing the Crop for the Market.

It is being charged that unwholesome tea is being imported into this country in large quantities, and it is urged that steps should be taken to check the importation of inferior teas by closing the door of the custom house against their sale.

The deterioration of the quality of tea is said to be owing to the introduction of machinery for tea-curing, a process which produces a very inferior article compared with hand-made tea. Thus there is very little machine-cured tea now which can be compared with the old, finest quality China tea.

The explanation of this lies, according to a tea planter, in the inefficiency of machinery in its earlier stages of development, to imitate the fineness of a skillful hand craftsman in carrying through a series of delicate operations. The difficulty arises, of course, from the fact that it is one thing to make a specimen article at a high price for the few and another to make it for the masses by the ton, and the grower is sure to be in favor of producing quantity rather than quality.

It is said that millions of pounds of decomposing leaf are made into tea simply because many factories are insufficiently equipped. Tea undoubtedly requires delicate handling during the progressive stage of its manufacture. The methods of treatment, unless efficiently conducted, are necessarily hazardous to the quality of the final product.

The leaf, of course, has to be plucked, then withered, rolled, and finally "fired" or dried. It is obvious that any one of these processes might involve injury to the quality of the tea, and the enormous scale on which the tea is prepared for the market would have a tendency to introduce inefficient treatment at some stage or other.

The Prince's Faith in Science.
An old story, and yet an interesting one, has just been retold by Sir M. Grant Duff. When the Prince of Wales was studying under Sir Lyon Playfair in Edinburgh, that gentleman, after taking the precaution to make him wash his hands with ammonia, to get rid of any grease that might be on them, said:

"Now, sir, if you have faith in science, you will plunge your right hand into that cauldron of boiling lead, and ladle it out into the cold water which is standing by."

"Are you serious?" asked the pupil.

"Perfectly," was the reply.

"If you tell me to do it, I will," said the Prince.

"I do tell you," rejoined Playfair, and the Prince immediately ladled out the burning liquid with perfect impunity.

Painful to Others.
Hobson—I understand your daughter is taking great pains with her singing?

Father—"Taking" is not the word; "giving" is more like it.—Boston Traveller.

WOMEN

WOMEN AND BUSINESS.

WOMEN might as well be frank with themselves on one point—they cannot make the success in business that their husbands, fathers and brothers do. There is only one

Hetty Green, and she can hardly be ranked with the Carnegies, Rockefellers and Morgans of the great world of affairs. It is all very well to allude to the superior physical strength that enables men to undertake tasks which women are constitutionally incapable of fulfilling. But the truth seems to be that women are not fitted for success along the same lines that men are, and it is a waste of time for them to aspire in that direction. There is a constantly growing agitation which aims to impress women with the necessity of being independent and self-supporting. Of course there is, unfortunately, always a large number of women who have to earn their bread. But they should be pitied, rather than held up for the admiration and imitation of the remainder of the sex. An impression seems to be abroad that girls should not remain under the protection of the family roof any longer than their brothers; that they are under the masculine necessity of getting out and seeking their fortunes in the great world, at about the same age.

One feminine characteristic which stands in the way of women's success in business is her inability to judge things in an impartial and impersonal sort of way. This is one of the things that a man learns at the very outset of his career. But the average working woman considers every man she meets in the course of the office routine from the point of his possible like or dislike for herself. And, moreover, the little courtesies which men pay to women—yes, even to business women—are too often construed as evidences of personal liking. It seems almost beyond the range of women's intellect to conceive of a state of things in which her business associates are absolutely neutral with regard to her personality, neither like nor dislike her, but regard her simply as one of the necessary features of the establishment.

There is, also, another point which is worth while mentioning in this connection. Woman has her distinct field, as has often been said, and that field is the home. But did it ever occur to a woman how much training she requires before she is competent to administer a household? If she devotes herself diligently to the acquisition of what she ought to know in order to manage even a very simple home, she has little time left to engage in the occupations which ought to be left to men. Think of the large number of young girls who know how to do stenography, typewriting, keep books and preside at the cash register! Then think how few there are who have any knowledge of the nutritive values of the different cuts of beef, or how to repair a man's wardrobe or drive a nail, or to come down to something which implies a still greater deficiency—to keep an account book of the daily domestic expenditures? When women know these things it is time enough for her, unless driven by stern necessity, to think of going into business.—New Orleans Picayune.

Friend of Birds.

Point Pleasant, N. J., has, through the efforts of Miss Caroline Murphy, become a paradise for game of all sorts. Miss Murphy determined to have the State game laws enforced, and she has succeeded. The result is astonishing. Wild birds are seen on the streets of the town. Their songs and screechings are heard everywhere. Quail wander into the front and back yards of the houses. Rabbits gambol about the roadways, and scarcely think it worth while to hop into the hedgerows as vehicles pass by. Miss Murphy began her fight last year. She was indignant at the way pot hunters slaughtered game in season and out, and the manner in which the dogs of the county were allowed to chase and kill at all times. She enlisted the game warden in her warfare, and soon a number of pot hunters and dog owners had been arrested and fined, the final result being as described.

MISS MURPHY.

Practice This Before Your Mirror.
The mirror is a woman's best friend, one whom she does not consult one-tenth part as often as she should. If she used the full privileges of friendship, there would be no crooked plaits at the back of skirts, no separation between skirts and waists. I am quite sure that if the average woman could see exactly how she looks when holding up her dress skirt she would refuse to leave the house until she had discovered some more graceful fashion of keeping her draperies from the dirt of the street. A little practice with that unflattering friend, the mirror, to assist her efforts would do wonders for a woman.

When Buying a Hat.
Never, never buy a hat merely because it is becoming when tried on while seated in the pattern-room. Many times a hat that is becoming to one when seated transforms a woman into a dowdy the moment she stands up. A large, picturesque hat is frequently very pretty on a stout woman of medium height while she is sitting down.

The moment she stands up the hat seems to increase her width, while it detracts several inches from her apparent height. A woman must insist upon seeing the effect of a hat when standing, and at some distance from the mirror, before deciding upon its becomingness. It takes moral courage to take a firm stand with the ordinary saleswoman who has absolute faith in her own judgment, but it will pay in the end. The wide flat toques of panne velvet, lace and tulle which she shows you and which are almost as picturesque as the old-time Gainsboroughs, make pretty carriage hats, but are suitable only to women possessing height when intended for ordinary street wear. Stiff trimmings, bows, quills, bunches of flowers and wings are smart on the plateaux now in vogue, but are trying to the generality of women.



The Collarless Gown.

The new fashion of wearing gowns without collars and finished by flat trimming or down drooping ruffle of lace is delightfully comfortable, but has its disadvantages. The high collars, so long worn, have destroyed the contour of many a throat originally round and white. Consequently the women who have not pretty throats are earnestly seeking for them, especially as they know that by next winter there will be no escape from the fashion that will then be fully established.

In the first place, the woman who wants to adopt the collarless gown "on occasions" must realize the necessity for going into training immediately. Let there be no dallying with the temptation to continue the stiff, high collar for ordinary wear. The linen collars must be got rid of, absolutely, and the only high neckwear admitted to the wardrobe shall be either the unstarched plique or duck stock, or the finely wired transparent collar, not really tight. A plan adopted by a young woman who averred that her throat was "a sight!" yet wished to give it the fullest benefit of freedom, was to have all her bodices and shirt waists neatly bound and edged with upstanding narrow lace. This has the advantage of being a tasteful and dainty finish in itself, yet allowing her to don a ribbon or stock at a moment's notice.

Origin of Pin Money.

"Pin money" now means an allowance of money for a woman's own personal expenditure, but originally it meant literally the actual sum spent on pins. It is almost impossible to think of any stage in the history of woman-kind when the pin was not one of the mainstays of her existence, but until about the end of the seventeenth century an article, more resembling a wooden skewer than anything else, was all that could be obtained. After that time the modern pin was invented, but the maker was allowed to sell them openly only on Jan. 1 and 2, so that court ladies and fashionable dames alike were obliged to buy a large store on those days. So extremely important was this yearly purchase that, apparently, a special sum of money was obtained from all indulgent husbands for it; and at a later time, when the pins became cheap and common, woman-kind gradually came to spend their allowance for other purposes.

Rich Authors.

Mrs. Gertrude Potter Daniels, daughter of a Chicago millionaire, has written books that were much talked about.

The last, "The Warners," has created more talk than anything Mrs. Daniels had previously written. The reason ascribed for the alleged attempt to suppress the sale of "The Warners" is that "it attacks capital bitterly." Society is aghast at the socialistic tone of the book and its author's evident familiarity with the seamy side of life.

"Those Loving Girls."

"Oh, yes," said the brunette, "it was very sweet of Marie to give me that blue gauze scarf. She knows I look a fright in blue, but the scarf is lovely and just the thing she wants to wear over her yellow hair. I'm not going to leave it around where she can borrow it, though. I'll keep it safely until her birthday, next month, when I shall have it dyed scarlet for her."

Baby's Hair.

To insure good hair, an infant's head should be kept well vaselined for the first six months, and protected in sleeping by a loosely fitted cap of the thinnest, finest texture. This serves also to keep the ears close to the head. The ugly, outstanding ears would never be seen if infants wore caps at night as they used to.

WOOD SCENTS.

Oh! the pennyroyal scent,
And the broken sassafras,
And the snappy pawpaw blent
With the mint of the morass!
You can have your smell of roses
In the city garden closes;
But for me—well, thanks, I'll take
Perfumes with the country Jake.

Ah, this good-woody smell
Draws me back to boyhood days,
When I used to dream and dwell
Where the misty meadows haze
Fashioned mighty towers and castles
And the bees were all my vassals,
Bringing honey for my mouth,
With the savor of the south!

Let me stay here, let me lie
Here along the forest edge.
Not a wall to shut the sky
From my vision, nor a ledge
Save the cliffs of yonder river
Where the willows wave and quiver;
Let me smell the woods and make
Believe I'm still a country Jake.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A BERKSHIRE GHOST STORY

TIMOTHY DOLE, or "Old Tim Dole," as he was called by his associates, was a quiet and powerful blacksmith in a great little village among the Berkshire Hills.

Tim was an honest, hard working, kind-hearted man, and a great favorite with all the country people for miles around, in spite of his being morbidly superstitious and a firm believer in spirit rapping, haunted houses and ghosts.

Tim's dearest friend, farmer John Davis, or "Honest John," as he was everywhere known, was always chiding Timothy about his belief, or, as John would put it, his "foolishness."

Still, whenever they had an hour to spare, they were sure to get together, and the talk always turned to "ghosts" and "spirit rappings."

All through the winter months they were much together. It was Tim's delight to close his shop early and drive to his friend's house and spend the long wintry evenings by the fire in the farmhouse kitchen, expounding his favorite views on spiritualism.

Although John Davis professed to be an unbeliever in spiritualism, and was known as "Honest John," he could vouch for more bloodcurdling ghost stories and thrilling adventures than any other man about the country; and Tim was an earnest listener.

One of their most horrible tales, horrible for a "true story," was about a haunted house, of course, haunted by a headless ghost. The old house still stood in the neighborhood, but no living being could occupy it, for whenever the housewife attempted to prepare the morning meal there always appeared beside the kitchen stove a man without a head, but with a scarred and bloody neck. It was most horrible! There was only one cause for such a ghost-murder.

Years ago, the story ran, a terrible crime had been committed there; a most brutal murder it was, too. A simple, honest peddler, who merely sought a night's repose beneath that humble roof, had been beheaded with an ax while awaiting his breakfast. Then the fiend who did the awful deed escaped by stealing a horse from the barn behind the house.

The years had come and gone, and the murderer had not been found, and to this very day no one had yet been able to live in that house, or even use the barn. The horses stabled in that barn, no matter how securely fastened, would become untied during the night by some mysterious hand, and scamper wildly away, even when strong ropes or heavy iron chains were used.

John Davis had never fastened a horse there himself, but his father, who had been a very religious and just man, had often tried to do so, in years gone by, without avail.

Even John's own mother, who had been a noble Christian woman, had actually seen the headless man sitting beside the fire in that old haunted house upon two different occasions, and although John said he did not believe the tale himself, he always added, when telling it—

"And father's word was as good as Bible truth," and "Everybody knew that mother could not lie!"

And Tim believed it all, and would hardly have ventured home at night if he had not had his horse with him to keep him company.

Now it happened that as these two old men would often meet and tell their tales, they sometimes had a listener, a young man who loved humor, and occasionally dropped in to hear their stories. His name was George Cowee. He was a slender youth with much learning and refinement. He was a nephew of Deacon Cowee, a wealthy farmer living a short distance from the Davis place.

He always agreed with Tim, but he had no more faith in "Tim's views" than John himself, but he liked Tim, and he liked to hear him talk. It was very amusing.

know it through the spirit. I will rap on the headboard of your bed at night. Spirits are always around at night, and I shall rap very softly at first, then louder than a bass drum, so that you will know that it is I, George Cowee, and no matter what it is, you must hasten here to John's house and tell him. I am sure that if he believes it he will at once be converted to your views."

Just then an old clock upon the kitchen shelf struck ten, and the young man added:

"Ah, John, that you may also know that I have passed away, I will ring that clock. I will ring it for an hour, and wake you and your wife up and keep you awake the whole time." George Cowee was only jesting, and he smiled as he bade the old men good-by. The next day he went West.

Weeks and months went by, and nothing was heard from him.

It was now the beginning of May.

As there was much horseshoeing to be done in the springtime, Tim was kept very busy. John Davis was also hard at work. On Tuesday, May 4, John had plowed all day, and when night came he was unusually tired, and went early to bed.

In the middle of the night he and his wife were awakened by the striking of the clock in the kitchen. They thought it was 12 o'clock, but the clock did not stop when it had struck twelve, but struck on and on.

"What in thunder ails that clock?" he exclaimed, and he got up and went into the kitchen. He shook the old clock, but it would not stop ringing. He took it down from the shelf and laid it on its back upon the kitchen table, but he could not stop it from striking. It rang fully an hour, until John was tempted to throw it out into the yard; then it ceased as suddenly as it began, and was as quiet as a mouse.

"The old clock is worn out," John said. "I must get another one," and he returned to his bed and slept.

It was hardly daylight when he heard a team driving into his yard. Going to the door he beheld his old friend Tim. Tim was all excitement and his voice trembled as he called out to John from his buggy:

"Did your clock ring in the night last night?"

"Well—yes," John answered; "but how did you know that?"

Tim cried:

"Don't you remember George Cowee, and what he told us about his spirit manifesting itself to us? If you don't I do, and I am sure George Cowee is dead!"

"Nonsense!" John cried; "the young rascal is probably alive and kicking!"

"Nonsense or no nonsense," Tim said. "I believe he is dead, for all night I could not sleep. About 12 o'clock, when I was thinking about the spirits, there came a rap upon the headboard of my bed, faintly at first, and then when I asked if it was George Cowee's spirit, such a thumping and bumping you never heard. It was louder than a bass drum. As soon as daylight I made haste to come to you."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed John; "you had the nightmare, sure enough," he said. But Tim sadly shook his head. He knew it was the "spirits."

"Come down to my shop this afternoon, and we will talk about it," Tim said as he drove away.

That afternoon John went down to the shop.

"Not because I want to talk about ghosts," he said, "but to have Tim put a new shoe on my mare."

As Tim worked on the mare's foot they fell to talking, and naturally the conversation drifted to the strange events of the previous night.

Before they had finished talking about the rappings on Tim's headboard Mr. Maxon, the station agent, came into the shop, and he held in his hand a folded paper.

"I saw your wagon out here, Mr. Davis," he said, "and I thought if you were going right home I could get you to deliver this message that has just come for Deacon Cowee."

"Certainly I will deliver it," John answered, and the agent handed him the paper and departed.

As soon as he was out of the shop both old men drew near each other and looked at the telegram addressed to Deacon Cowee, and this was what it read: "Denver, Col., May 5.

"Your nephew, George Cowee, was killed in a railroad accident here last night."

Both old men stared into the fire—silent, sad, thoughtful.—Waverley.

Stis' Retort Silenced Him.

A small miss of this city was on her good behavior. She was promised some coveted ribbons like Lucy's in the event of her successful accomplishment of certain domestic duties. For one thing, she was supposed to clear away the dinner dishes.

"Stis, come on and put on the gloves," tantalized Manus from outside the open window. Stis the strenuous and adored playfellow of her brothers.

"Can't," laconically. "Have to get the table 'read.'"

"Aw, gwan, tables ain't read—nothing is read only but books!" came the facetious answer.

She was poised a blue plate by the rim dangerously over a hand-painted sugar bowl.

"You better guess again," she replied quickly. "If you read your tables better you wouldn't be such a dunce at 'rithmetic!'"

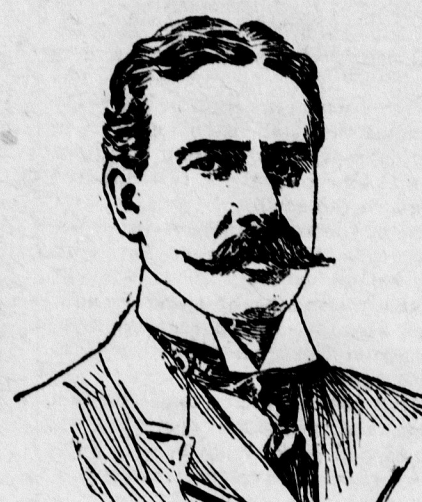
EARLY FORECAST OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE NEXT GREAT PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN



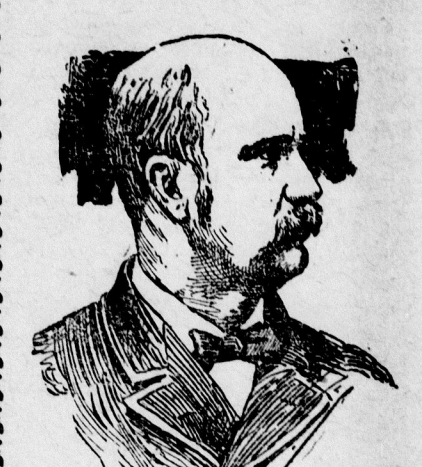
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



TOM L. JOHNSON.



CARTER H. HARRISON.



DAVID B. HILL.



MARCUS A. HANNA.



CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.



JOHN C. SPOONER.



JOSEPH B. FORAKER.



BENJAMIN B. ODELL.

To some minds the discussion of the question of possible or probable candidates for the presidency at the present time, three years before such candidacy can take concrete shape, may seem entirely futile. But yet, to the practical politician, three years is not such a long look ahead. He is accustomed to the fixing of goals at even more extended distances and to silent, persistent efforts to reach them in advance of his rivals. The presidency of the United States is a goal it is worth any man's while to reach. Many are striving now, or their friends are striving for them, to obtain the coveted prize. In this gallery of men prominent in the two great parties of the country may be seen those who now stand foremost in the eyes of political forecasters as possible candidates for presidential honors.

On the Republican side, since President McKinley has seemingly eliminated himself from the contest, there holds place as favorite in the entries in the view of many shrewd politicians Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., now Governor of New York. He is a practical politician, they say, a man with an unassailable record, above all a man in whom his party associates can place firm reliance. Both the political and business interests of the country, they argue, would be safe in his hands.

On the other hand, there are many who believe that if a candidate for the presidential nomination is to be presented by New York the Vice-President, Theodore Roosevelt, would be the logical nominee. They urge that Col. Roosevelt's position places him, or should place him, in line of promotion; that he has a wider and more favorable national reputation and would run better throughout the country. The majority of the wheel horses of the party in New York State, however, look with more favor on Odell. They assert that Roosevelt has always been and always will be an unknown quantity. Many

of them, however, have a sort of superstitious belief in "Teddy's luck" and are willing to admit that circumstances may arise that would put him in the President's chair.

In the West, from which all Republican candidates have hitherto come, looms up prominently the name and figure of United States Senator Charles W. Fairbanks. He is prominently identified with the banking and railroad interests of the middle West and would find valuable support from them if his candidacy is urged. He is a rich man, having acquired a fortune before he entered politics. Both as a business man and a politician Senator Fairbanks commands the confidence of conservative Republicans in all sections of the country.

United States Senator Spooner of Wisconsin is another entity to be considered when presidential candidates are spoken of. A clever lawyer, a man of marked ability in the Senate and on the stump, brainy, aggressive, shrewd as a politician, eventualities may arise that will bring him to the front.

The senior Senator from Ohio, Joseph B. Foraker, is said to possess the opinion that in the course of his political life he has devoted sufficient energy to altruism—the placing of other Ohio men in the presidential chair. Now, it is said, he would like to seat himself there, and is quietly pulling wires that may serve to secure him the nomination.

On the other hand, there are many astute politicians who say that Marcus A. Hanna, Senator Foraker's colleague in the Senate, looks upon himself as the logical candidate of the next Republican convention and will work with characteristic energy to secure the prize. He is perfectly aware that he would meet with strong opposition, even virulent abuse, but he reasons that he has been abused so freely already that his enemies have exhausted their ammunition and have

nothing new left to say. If Senator Hanna does receive the nomination the country will be assured of a strenuous, picturesque campaign.

Many of those who would avert a split in the Democratic party suggest that David B. Hill of New York would be the most available candidate to preserve at least the outer semblance of union between the two opposing elements. They argue that he could hold the conservative element in the ranks and would at the same time be sufficiently aggressive and advanced to secure the votes of all excepting the more violently radical of the Democrats.

Irrepressible Ohio, in addition to her superfluity of Republican candidates for the presidential nomination, has also a very vigorous, lively Democratic candidate in the person of Tom L. Johnson, the present Mayor of Cleveland. He has already made himself very prominent in the public eye and those who have closely watched his career predict that he will become much more prominent within the coming three years. He is a capitalist, but is known as the friend of labor; he is rich, but advocates the cause of the poor; he is radical in theory and action, but cannot be accused of meditating designs harmful to the general business interests of the country. Withal he has an interesting personality that might easily place him in the position Bryan has held for a time.

Carter H. Harrison, the re-elected Mayor of Chicago, is regarded by many politicians as a man who may be selected to lead the Democrats in the next campaign. He has the cachet of success to recommend him; he comes from a State it would be all important to the Democracy to carry; his name would appeal to the younger and more aggressive element in the party, and they say, his career as a public man is sufficient to convince the conservative element of the party that he would be a safe man.

perience I have never found a case in which a dying man or woman complained against the inevitable, attempted to fight its approach or even feared it. It is only in good health that we fear death. When we become ill, when we have sustained some injury of a very serious nature, the fear of death seems to disappear.—Dr. Andrews, of Philadelphia, who has seen 2,600 deaths.

It's Different, You Know.
"I don't see why you object to American capital assuming control in some of your affairs."

"Perhaps it's all right," answered the eminent European personage. "Heretofore, you see, we have been accustomed to selling you titles of nobility. When it comes to a transaction that involves actual value on our side of it, it somehow seems different."—Washington Star.

When people become angels, we hope there will be a complete change in their natures; nothing is quite so tiresome as ordinary humans trying to be angels.

A clerk in a railroad office resigns; a brakeman quits.

A MANY-SIDED GENIUS.

The Late John Fiske, Noted American Historian and Lecturer.

Prof. John Fiske, the noted American historian and lecturer, who died recently at East Gloucester, Mass., was a remarkable man. He was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1842, and began the study of Latin when only 6 years old. At 7 he was reading Caesar, had read Rollin, Josephus and Goldsmith's Greece. Before he was 8 he had read the whole of Shakespeare and a good deal of Milton, Bunyan and Pope. He began Greek at 9. By 11 he had read Gibbon, Robertson and Prescott, and most of Froissart, and at the same age wrote from memory a chronological table from 1000 B. C. to 1820 A. D., filling a quarto blank book of sixty pages. At 13 he had read all the great Latin writers and at the same age had gone through Euclid, plane and spherical trigonometry, surveying and navigation, and analytic geometry, and was well on into the differential calculus. At 15 he could read Plato and Herodotus at sight and was beginning German. Within the next year he was keeping his diary in Spanish and was reading French, Italian and Portuguese. He began Hebrew at 17 and took up Sanskrit the next year. Meanwhile he was delving in science, getting his knowledge from books and not from his laboratory or the field. He averaged twelve hours' study daily, twelve months in the year, before he was 16, and afterward nearly fifteen hours daily, working with persistent energy; yet he maintained the most robust health and entered with enthusiasm into out of door life.

In 1865 he graduated from the Harvard Law School. He had already begun to write for magazines and reviews, and soon depended on his pen to support himself and the wife he had married while in the law school. His studies of philosophy led to his giving a course of lectures on Positive Philosophy at Harvard in 1869, and the following year he was an instructor in history there. From 1872 to 1879 he was assistant librarian of the college. Since 1879 he had been a member of the Board of Overseers of the university. Since 1884 he had filled a non-resident professorship of American history in Washington University, St. Louis.

It was as a public lecturer on historical themes that Prof. Fiske became most widely known, both in this country and in Great Britain. In both history and philosophy he contributed many works of permanent literary value.

Prof. Fiske disregarded the usual rules of health. He always sat in a draught when he could find one and worked in a temperature of from 55 to 60 degrees. He worked the greater portion of the twenty-four hours and night and day were alike to him. He ate whenever he was hungry, disregarding meal hours. He rarely drank wine, but smoked incessantly.

A WOMAN BLACKSMITH.
Mrs. James Gilson, of Gardner, Me., is her husband's assistant in his blacksmith shop. She fills a man's place at the forge, and her prowess at the anvil is known for miles. As she appears on

the street or at her place in church no one would suppose that she was a woman of sinew. But her biceps are so developed that she is capable of swinging the heaviest hammer in the shop with ease. She was born in Calais in 1872, and has been married twelve.

Tenacity of Purpose Brings Success.
In scarcely anything do we need wisdom more than in the matter of influencing the nature of our children's activity. Indeed, with children who are able and clever, advice and influence must be indirect rather than personal. Put opportunities in their way and then leave them to themselves. In order to test their talent and develop their power of persistency it is well to interpose slight obstacles in their path once in a while. Tenacity of purpose is the bed rock of success in any career, and we want to find out if our child has it. If he returns again and again to a thing from which he has been distracted, and patiently conquers difficulties, we may be sure that he is made of the right stuff. It augurs well for the destiny of a child if he dries his tears after a mishap and sets to work to repair the disaster. When he grows up and fronts the greater failures of life he will not be one of those who is continually calling out upon his "bad luck," instead of attempting to mend it.—Woman's Home Companion.

A father was growling to his son about a love affair. "It's my heart," the son said; "I reckon I have a right to do what I please with it."

There is nothing equal to a good opera for sharpening the feminine appetite.



MRS. GILSON.

the street or at her place in church no one would suppose that she was a woman of sinew. But her biceps are so developed that she is capable of swinging the heaviest hammer in the shop with ease. She was born in Calais in 1872, and has been married twelve.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance, \$1.50
Six Months, " " 1.00
Three Months, " " .50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand and Linden Avenues,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1901.

The subject of inadequate mail service at this place has been referred to the Superintendent of Railway Mail Service at San Francisco, who has called the attention of the Southern Pacific Company to the matter with the view of having train No. 17 run here instead of passing us by. This would be a great improvement, giving us an afternoon mail train toward San Francisco for registered as well as ordinary mail.

On Tuesday the Primary League Republicans, under the lead of De Young and Spreckels, of the Chronicle and Call, were overwhelmingly defeated in the primary election in San Francisco by the push politicians. Martin Kelly had everything his own way in his District and headed his own ticket. As usual, the push rallied to a man whilst the great body of good citizens did not feel enough of interest in the election to go to the polls.

A petition for the re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion Act, can be found at the Postoffice building by all those who desire to sign such a paper. The people of California are well known unanimous on the subject of excluding Chinese—and, in fact, all cheap, Oriental labor. The only way, however, to make this sentiment felt is by going on record and asking Congress to take action. The present Chinese Exclusion Act will expire in May next and unless Congress acts next winter the doors will be wide open to Chinese coolies without any restriction whatever. The attention of our working men, as well as all our citizens, is called to this matter and we trust they will come forward and make the petition for this place a big strong one.

A recent number of the Saturday Evening Post contains an editorial review of the questions involved in the pending conflict between labor and capital. The Post very properly treats the conflict as one which concerns not the immediate parties alone, but all the people of the United States.

The New Zealand system which has been in successful operation for the past six years, the Post fears might not be practicable in this country by reason of certain provisions of our National Constitution.

The New Zealand system provides a board of conciliation and a board of arbitration. The former board uses all its power to bring the conflicting interests to an agreement. In case of failure to conciliate the dispute goes to the board of arbitration. This board hears both sides of the dispute and to its decision both sides must submit. If our constitution does not admit the establishment of such a system by law, then it should be amended, for there is today no question of such vital importance as finding a way to settle the ever-recurring disputes between capital and labor without resort to methods which inevitably result in incalculable loss and injury to both.

Wild Zebras.

The zebra when wild is a ferocious animal, and an unwary hunter is likely to suffer from its teeth and hoofs. The author of "Kloof and Karroo" says that a Boer in Cape Colony had once forced a zebra to the brink of a precipice, when the desperate creature turned upon him, attacked him with its teeth and actually tore one of his feet from the leg.

Another author writes of a soldier who mounted a half domesticated zebra. The creature, after making the most furious attempts to get rid of its rider, plunged over a steep bank into the river and threw the soldier as it emerged.

While the man lay half stunned upon the ground the zebra quietly walked up to him and bit off one of his ears.

Iceland exports sulphur, Iceland moss, wool, dried fish, sealskins and oil, whale oil and baleen, elderdown, bird skins and ponies. Its manufactures are entirely domestic.

Cloud Mountains.

The highest of all the clouds are those delicate, white, fibrous, detached masses of frozen vapor; always seen high against the blue sky. The top-most point of the highest of these may be ten miles above the earth. They are called cirrus clouds. Altogether there are ten principal types of clouds. The lowest, known as the stratus, are really horizontal sheets of lifted fog seen on damp days or in very damp localities. These clouds are only a few hundred feet above the earth.

Some of the vast bodies of vapor are higher than the tallest of the Alps. They are undoubtedly snow capped—veritable mountains of ice and snow. It has been discovered that the temperature on one such summit was 75 degrees below zero.

Were it possible for us to ascend in a balloon and penetrate one of these snow capped peaks from base to summit we should travel first through a layer of dry air, vapor and water, a third of freezing vapor, water and ice, and finally through the summit, composed of dry air, vapor and ice, but no water.

Getting Away From Land.

The question has been asked, Is it possible to sail 1,000 miles from land? This can be done at several points. By leaving San Francisco and sailing northwestward into the north Pacific a spot is reached where there is no land, not even an islet, for 1,000 miles in any direction. So, too, sailing from the southern point of Kamchatka southward ships reach a point equally distant from land of any kind, the nearest to the north being the Aleutian islands and to the south the outlying members of the Sandwich group. In the southern Indian ocean it is possible to sail 1,000 miles out from the southern points of Australia and New Zealand and still be as far from any other land, and the same may be done in a westerly direction from Cape Horn. Indeed, from this point a much longer distance might be reached, for the southern Pacific between the Horn and New Zealand covers a space of 80 degrees of longitude and 40 of latitude of absolutely unbroken sea, making its central point over 1,200 miles from anywhere.

The English Are Unmilitary.

Partly from historical and partly perhaps from racial causes the English are essentially unmilitary. They resent the control of soldiers. They distrust military ideals. No government that ever existed in this country was more unpopular than that of Oliver Cromwell and his major generals. Its unpopularity left an indelible mark on English institutions. For many years it made it impossible to have a standing army. Even when the course of events made it necessary to concede that much to the military necessities of the time it still remained a maxim for centuries with all politicians that as little power as possible must be granted to the soldiers; that their business was to fight our wars, and, this being done, that there was little or no place for them in the body politic.

We do not think it necessary to defend this attitude of mind. Like most popular feelings, it is largely unjust, but also, like many popular feelings, it is based to some extent on a true conception. Politically, using the word in its largest sense, the domination of the military idea in a state is calamitous. It tends, we believe, to destroy individuality and is a serious menace to individual liberty.—English Monthly Review.

The Third Handle.

The best account of the origin of the loving cup comes from the late Lord Lyons, British ambassador at Paris. Henry IV of France while hunting became separated from his companions and, feeling thirsty, called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The serving maid on handing it to him as he sat on horseback neglected to present the handle. Some wine was spilled, and his majesty's white gauntlets were soiled. While riding home he bethought him that a two handled cup would prevent a recurrence of this, so his majesty had a two handled cup made at the royal potteries and sent it to the inn. On his next visit he called again for wine, when, to his astonishment, the maid, having received instructions from her mistress to be very careful of the king's cup, presented it to him by holding it herself by each of its handles. At once the happy idea struck the king of a cup with three handles, which was promptly acted upon, as his majesty quaintly said, "Surely, out of three handles I shall be able to get one!" Hence the loving cup.

Spirits Above and Below.

"Many years ago," writes a New Hampshire clergyman in the Boston Journal, "it was the custom to store liquors in church cellars in Boston; not all of them, but many of them. As late as 1850, and probably later, the cellar of the stone church on Bowdoin square was used by the Trull distillery near by (Pitts street, if I am right) for the ripening in hogheads of New England rum. Some one found a hymn-book in a pew and copied in there the following verse:

"There are spirits above and spirits below,
The spirits of love and the spirits of love;
The spirits above are the spirits of love;
The spirit above is the spirit divine;
The spirits below are the spirits of wine."

"I have myself frequently watched the men putting hogheads of rum into the cellars or taking them out."

Old Church Lotteries.

A citizen of Wilkesburg, Pa., owns an old lottery ticket which reads as follows: "No. 257. Presbyterian church lottery. Authorized by law. This ticket will entitle the possessor to such prize as shall be drawn to its number, if demanded within 12 months after the drawing, subject to 20 per cent deduction. M. Wilkins, president of the board of managers, Pittsburg, June 3, 1807."

SLICING A RATTLER.

THE COLORADO WAY OF TURNING THE DANGEROUS TRICK.

Dexterity and Daring of the Cowboy in Cutting Off the Head of the Reptile After Its Ineffectual Attempt to Strike.

"Did you ever see a cow puncher kill a rattlesnake with a knife?" said a Colorado citizen now in town. "When I first went west, I punched cattle on the Sunset ranch, one of the largest in southern Colorado. I was a tenderfoot, fresh from the east, but no swell head about me. That saved me a lot of trouble. The boys were dead willing to put me next, even to a 14-year-old broncho never halter broken. Among other things, I learned how to kill a rattler with a bowie knife. I killed one with a knife to make my standing good, but after that a gun or a pitchfork was good enough for me."

"I have seen a plainsman ride up to a small sized rattler, jump off his horse, kick at the wailing head, avoid the strike and as the reptile came down place a heel upon its neck, coolly take a knife from its belt and dispatch it. I have also seen a live rattler thrown up on a haystack machine, and I have seen the men working on that stack jump, roll, tumble and slide to get away. They could not see the rattler; that was all. In the open they would have played with it."

"A rattlesnake is harmless out of coil. For that reason it wastes no time in getting back into coil after the spring. It will not strike unless it is perfectly sure it can reach its object. Therefore the cowboy must get into reach of the snake's spring. It can spring half its own length, and sometimes more. Of course the larger the snake the more coils, and the more coils the more vicious the strike."

"Dick Haynes was a young daredevil who would go out of his way to play with a rattler. I have seen him kill at least a dozen with a knife, and I saw him when he got such a close call that he dropped the game and used a gun forever after."

"We were out together one Sunday. It was warm, and as we rode he fanned his face with his sombrero. Suddenly he clapped his hat on his head and started his broncho on a lunge. 'Watch me get that pison,' he shouted."

"Fifty yards to our right was a rattler. It was trying to get away, but we headed it in an instant and were off our horses. It immediately coiled, and then I saw the biggest snake I have ever seen. It was a diamond rattler and about 20 years old. It had the ugliest head I ever saw, enormous in size, and with a mouth that reminded me of a bulldog's jaw. Dick stopped just long enough to size up its length so as to get an idea of its spring, and then went in on it."

"The strike came like a flash of lightning. The snake struck the ground with a sound like the cracking of a four horse whiplash in the hands of an expert. Dick just saved himself by throwing his body back full length. The snake coiled again before Dick could get to it. I got nervous and called to him to shoot it."

"That's the first one that ever struck at me and got back," he said, "and I'm going to have that pretty head."

"The rattler was beside itself with rage. It lay, coil upon coil of smooth, glistening length, showing the long reach and powerful spring in reserve. Out of the coils two feet more of body and neck rose straight in the air, and above all that black, venomous head, with glowing eyes and forked tongue, waved, slightly, warily, to and fro."

"Dick stepped in again, more cautiously. He reached the knife nearer and yet nearer to that swaying head. I knew he was getting too close, but I feared to speak to him. Then came the strike, with that marvelous dart of speed. Dick's knife flashed and the snake lay squirming, a headless thing, upon the ground."

"Let's get to camp," said Dick. "It got me in the thumb."

"We jumped for the saddles and started on a mad run for home. Dick rode with his thumb on the saddle horn and his knife in his other hand."

"If she begins to swell, off she comes," said he.

"We reached the ranch, and while Dick poured down whisky we examined the thumb. We could find nothing, not the slightest wound. The snake had struck the handle of his knife, and the strength and suddenness of the impact made Dick lose his nerve. It was a good thing for him. He never went after a rattler again without a long '44.'—New York Sun.

Phosphorescence in Nature.

The "milky fires" of the ocean are due to the presence of hordes of animalcules belonging to that division of the animal world known as the Infusoria. The noctiluca is the type of the race—a minute organism, somewhat kidney shaped and possessing a single lashlike appendage or cilium.

The protoplasm, or living matter, of the animalcule exerts the power of converting so much of its living energy into light, a proceeding illustrated in a different fashion in the familiar firefly, which, however, sends its energy into special light producing organs and thus develops its glow. Certain jellyfishes are also markedly phosphorescent, and there is the creature allied to them somewhat, the Venus' girdle, which at night appears as a long, waving band of flame. Finally we have the ubiquitous microbe, enrolling certain of its kind in the category of light producing organisms.

Certain species of bacteria are phosphorescent, and the glow that is seen under circumstances where putrefaction is proceeding, notably when fish is going to bad, is due to the presence of such minute forms of life.—Scotsman.

Is the Genius of Ireland Irish?

The genius of Ireland is a curiously paradoxical subject and requires a study to itself. Though so many great men have been associated with Ireland, when we analyze them according to race we find that a remarkably large proportion of them are of English or Scotch descent. Bishop Berkeley, for instance, is often called an Irishman, though his father was English (his mother's origin is unknown) and though he always considered himself an Englishman. The great Irish patriots have usually had English blood in their veins and have sometimes even been proud of the fact.

And yet, while this is so, Ireland has somehow had the art of imparting some of her subtlest qualities to those happy Englishmen who have had the good fortune to possess some slight strain of her blood or to be born in her land or even to have lived there in youth. The greatest English humorists and wits—Swift and Sterne and Congreve—had this good fortune. In the same way, while Ireland has scattered her saints over England and the continent, her own patron saint is a Scotchman who was never canonized. The contribution of Ireland to our national genius cannot well be stated in numerical values.—English Review.

Beards and the Romans.

In Cicero's time and after, possibly also before, many men wore beards, and only men over 40 were clean shaven. Spartanus speaks of Hadrian as wearing a full beard (promissa barba) to cover scars upon his face. Dio Cassius also speaks of him as the "first" to wear a beard. He is not the first emperor whose bust shows him to have allowed the hair upon his face to grow, but he is the first one represented as wearing a full beard. Evidently, therefore, Hadrian did not introduce beards, but only the custom of wearing them long and full.

On Trajan's column there is a representation of the emperor sacrificing at an altar. Many of the men who appear in the scene are bearded, but by no means all of them. Again, we find a scene wherein the seated emperor is surrounded by attendants, some of whom are bearded. In still another group Trajan is standing with a roll in his hand, addressing his men, and again we see both bearded and beardless men among those who stand before him.

On the rectangular reliefs of the arch of Constantine we find that the men accompanying Trajan are bearded even when he and they are clad in the toga. The arch at Benevento shows in the same group licitors and comites both as bearded and beardless.—American Journal of Archaeology.

The Freight Train.

"About three-quarters of a railroad's receipts come from the freight department. The passenger department supplies nearly all the rest, the income from mail, express and other privileges being comparatively small," says Carl Hovey in Ainslee's.

"It is curious to notice that the freight trains, scarcerow processions of shameless packing cases on wheels, interminably squeaking through our streets, are the ones that really count when you come to make up the profits. The magnificent trains of vestibuled Pullmans which glide swiftly through the country on velvet roadbeds make ten times the show that their real value is to the road warrants. Nothing surely is more disreputable in appearance than the procession of battered freight cars that jolts and creaks into the yard in the sunny mist of a Sunday morning unless it is the physiognomies of the pair of brakemen trailing their legs over the roof. Yet the train is doing something more than its share toward keeping the line going. The two rowdies on the roof are, after all, gilt edged conductors in the making."

"It is a democratic business. Freight brakeman to freight conductor, freight conductor to passenger conductor—that is the order of promotion on most American roads. So the freight train man impresses himself on the whole passenger service."

No Unkindness Intended.

Judge Rice of Novena is perhaps lacking in a sense of humor, but he is the most punctual man in the state. When made superintendent of the Sunday school, he at once set about reform in the matter of attendance and punctuality. It was impossible to resist the judge's benign persistence, and the list of tardies and absences, read out by him impressively every Sunday, has steadily decreased.

A few Sundays ago he had the pleasure of making the following statement: "My dear fellow workers and children, I am able to announce today that out of the entire school only one person is absent, little Maggie Wynn. Let us all hope that she is sick."—Harper's Magazine.

In the Museum.

"The legless man is always putting his foot in it," observed the living skeleton to the snake charmer.

"What has he done now?"

"Last night we were having a friendly little game, and he asked the armless wonder to take a hand."—Baltimore American.

New Tricks.

Wimbleton—Hello, old man! Have you taught your dog any new tricks lately?

Quimbleton—Yes; I've been teaching him to eat out of my hand. He ate a big piece out of it yesterday.—Harvard Lampoon.

Baby's Diet.

I remember on one occasion remonstrating with an east end mother for giving a baby pork and bitter beer, but the reply was, "Bless you, sir, she always takes the same as ourselves, the little dear!"—London Post.

CLOGGING THE PIPES

A SENSIBLE SERMON ON HOUSEHOLD SANITATION.

Some Suggestions About the Plumbing and the Care That Should Be Exercised in the Avoidance Both of Expense and Disease.

Nowadays the plumber and his bill are your true household specters. Like other specters, careful common sense will put them to rout and confusion nine times in ten. Wise men have been studying this subject ever so long to devise plumbing that would take care of itself, but they have not yet succeeded. Neither are they likely to without a revolution in mechanics whereby the tendency of fluids always to seek their own level may be eliminated and other things as wonderful brought to pass. So long as knowledge remains nearly static so long will it behoove every housemistress to look well to the usage of her pipes and her traps.

A bit of rag or even string, a burnt match, a wisp of hair, seems a very little thing, one that the pipes can carry off with no possible hurt, but the rag, by hanging over the bend of the trap, may serve as a siphon to take away the water seal, which is all that stands between the household and unlimited sewer gas. And the rag may keep on doing it for weeks and weeks until deadly disease is rampant.

A string snarled and twisted may work the same ill. The match end, of course, ought to float away harmless, but is very much likelier to be caught in some eddy of the flush water, jammed into a crevice and there to take to itself other solid particles until they form a clot both offensive and dangerous.

As for hair, there is no end to the harm it harbors. A wisp quickly forms itself into a sort of strainer, catching and holding all that passes. Aside from that, it has a trick of lodging in the most inconvenient places, catching upon the least roughness inside the pipe and staying there until by accretion it has clogged the whole space.

Hair has special affinity for bits of soap. Solid soap, by the way, should never be sent down the pipes. Very strong soapsuds even is objectionable unless you follow it with a flood of clean water, preferably hot water.

Coffee grounds and tea leaves either clog a pipe very soon or else, if the flush water prevents that, wear it through quickly, partly by mechanical action, partly by chemical. Neither should ever be permitted in a sink. Even if you are wise enough to keep out all grease, and thus make sure that the grounds shall get safe away from your own pipes, in the sewer they may come in contact with grease from pipes less carefully kept and cake and clog your whole pipe system, making necessary costly and inconvenient unclogging.

Every kitchen ought to have its grease can, emptied once a week in winter and in summer every three days. All sorts of refuse fat should go into it, even the scrapings from plates and dishes. Greasy water, as from boiling hams or corned beef, should be allowed to cool thoroughly, then have the grease carefully taken off before it goes down the pipes. Skillets and frying pans ought to be filled with very hot soda water and let stand half an hour before washing. This gives time for the soda to partly saponify the grease and keep it from sticking to the pipe or caking on top of the trap.

In scouring faucets be careful to keep

the scouring grit out of the joints. Even the finest particles cut away screw threads turning many times a day. After scouring also take care to let the water run at least a minute before catching any for use. In washing sandy vegetables, as spinach, turnips, potatoes, use a big pan and drain off the dirty water, so the sand may be caught. Even a spoonful of sand going down a pipe will cut and wear it more than a hoghead of water.

Milky water is one of the hardest things to manage. Even a small quantity daily fouls pipes unless the milky water is followed by a flushing of soda water moderately strong, with a lime-water flush about every three days. The lime-water is made more effective by adding salt to it. Sea salt is best. Put a lump as big as the fist in an earthen or wooden vessel along with twice the bulk of quicklime and cover with four gallons of hot water. Stir well and let settle. Pour the clear liquid down the pipes and follow it in half an hour with a flush of clear water boiling hot. Thus every kind of a sink may be kept sweet and fresh.—New York Sun.

How Colorado Desert Was Formed.

Everybody knows, without looking at the map, how Lower California runs south from the Pacific coast like a sort of tail, separated from the United States—for it is a part of Mexico, as some people are not aware—by a long arm of the sea called the gulf of California. Once upon a time the gulf extended in a northward direction 300 miles beyond its present inland limit. Into this northerly extension the great Colorado river emptied millions of tons of detritus annually until the deposit accumulated in quantity sufficient to shut off the upper part of the gulf, which was thus transformed into a lake. To begin with, of course it was a salt lake, but it gradually became fresh through the influx of water from the Colorado. Thereupon fresh water fishes, mollusks and other creatures not of the brine were developed in it, and in this way it happens that the dry bottom today is covered with their fossil remains.

The Penalty of Being Late.

Idleness is at the bottom of the drunkenness, gluttony and sensuality which compass the destruction of one section of the community at the present time. It is at the bottom of that particular form of heartache which is the plague of women—the heartache of a purposeless, miserable existence. Such women often look forward to marriage to cure them, but when they are married and settled the old malady recurs, and in our own day we see them running hither and thither after that elusive something. Others try to find a cure in the snuffage and others again in cigarettes.—Sarah Grand.

Arsenic Eaters.

Styria, a lucky having a population of about 1,500,000 and lying south of Graz, in the mountainous portion of the great German confederation, is noted for its arsenic eaters. Arsenic eaters abound in every city, village and neighborhood, and in thousands of cases every adult in a family uses it almost the same as sugar, consuming about five and a half grains in the 24 hours.

Unpleasant to Have Around.

"Are you still engaged to Mr. Briggs?"

"No; I broke it off last week. I was afraid to marry him. He knows too much. I gave him some ribbon to match. He found it in the first store he went to, and he bought it for 2 cents below the regular price."

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN,

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,

Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

Look out for fire.
Keep the hose in readiness.
C. L. Hynding of Redwood City paid our town a visit Wednesday.

Mrs. Cohen's health, we regret to learn, is not improving much.

Mrs. A. Sagala is building a house on her recently purchased lot in block 99. The fire district petition will be presented to the Board of Supervisors Monday.

Contractor Medus has the Ripley cottage, on Commercial avenue, enclosed.

One of Henry Michenfelder's cows added a 93-pound calf to Henry's herd last week.

If you want shoes at city prices made or ready made, try P. L. Kauffman at Baden Shoe Store.

Secretary George H. Chapman of the Land and Improvement Company was in town on business Wednesday.

There is a good opening in this town for an industrious merchant tailor, one ready and qualified for all-round work.

J. L. Wood has just completed the work of enlarging the barn of J. J. Nessler by an addition to the building.

It is understood that the Board of Supervisors will pass an automobile ordinance at the meeting on Monday next.

The People's Store carries a full line of dry goods, notions and furnishing goods and continues to sell at city prices.

George Wallace has recovered from the effects of the injury to his hand, which at one time threatened to be serious.

Miss E. M. Tilton, Superintendent of Schools, spent Thursday last week in our town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eikerenkotter.

Mrs. V. Wagner of the Sierra Point House is very ill and was taken to the German Hospital, San Francisco, last week, for treatment.

W. F. Bailey has completed the work of repapering the Kluegel flats on Grand avenue, also the Dreisse house on the rock crusher hill.

Ex-Supervisor Howard Tilton came up last week from his Gilroy ranch and is spending a few days at the Daily ranch and the north end of our county.

Mr. C. L. Kauffman has been appointed assistant in the Postoffice to relieve Mr. C. E. Crocker, who left on the 16th inst., for a two-months' vacation.

Robert Slaughter of San Francisco, General Agent for the Phoenix Savings Building and Loan Association, was in town Monday on business for his company.

Randall Wade, a colored man and ex-Philippine volunteer, raised a disturbance at the Sierra Point House, on Tuesday afternoon, and on Wednesday was sent to the county jail for thirty days.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

A big delegation of our local Woodmen of the World went over to Fernbrook Park, in Niles Canyon, on Saturday last, to participate at the big log rolling and witness the initiation of 1000 new members into the mysteries of Woodcraft.

C. L. Kauffman returned from Millwood, Fresno county, on Thursday of last week. At Millwood Mr. Kauffman met Fred Desirello, who has recovered from the injury he suffered last year and who is employed in the lumber yard at Millwood.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Mr. J. J. Nessler was accidentally injured on Monday while taking shingles up to the roof of his barn. In climbing over the new roof Mr. Nessler's foot slipped between the sheathing boards and his ankle was badly bruised and sprained.

Manager Huff of the new San Francisco and San Mateo Railway has gone East and there is a rumor that an Eastern syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of the Market Street Railway system. There is evidently something of importance brewing. Developments will be watched with great interest by people on this side of the bay.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

Mr. Harelson, a prominent contractor of San Francisco found himself unexpectedly at the Fuller Paint and Oil Works on Wednesday, instead of Palo Alto. Mr. Harelson took the 6:10 a.m. train at Third and Townsend and got into the rear coach, which is set apart for Fuller's men and switched off here and run over to the Fuller Works. Harelson became interested in the morning paper and did not observe the cutting off of the car and so landed at our water front.

CHURCH NOTICE.

There will be services at Grace Mission every Sunday a. m. and not in the evening for the summer months.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Post-office.

Moonlight Dance, at Sierra Point House (10 Mile House), San Bruno Road, will take place Saturday, August 31, 1901. Fine chicken supper will be served at 50 cents per head. All kinds of refreshments. Good floor, good music. Dancing all night. L. L. Smith, proprietor.

WAYSIDE NOTES ALONG SAN BRUNO ROAD.

There are all kinds of chumps, only some are more responsible than others. Last Saturday, August 10th, a chump handed a shot gun loaded to the muzzle and both hammers up to another rat tail chump, and immediately afterwards there was an explosion which nearly caused the death of a very valuable horse. The trainman who "tries to make one more station" is responsible for almost as many deaths as the chump who rocks the boat, but the idiot who didn't know it was loaded, is simply "a case of nuts."

A few of the visitors who enjoyed themselves at The Real Thing last Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fenton, Mr. and Mrs. T. Payhey, Mrs. H. A. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Dinkel, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Cordy, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. M. Fitzgerald, Miss A. Vollmer, Miss G. McGuire, Miss Ruth Alexander, Miss A. F. Fry, Miss Cecelia Fry, Miss Agnes Barrett, Miss L. M. Wolfe, Mr. Fay, L. L. Smith, W. F. Bailey, Wm. Bain, F. Fenton, Bob Vickers, A. D. Snyder, E. H. Steinbeck, H. Sperry, T. Sandercock and I. O. U. Needmore were a few of the lucky ones.

Since August 5th two large loads of rock have left C. A. Warren's quarry wharf every day. This means an output of about 600 tons of rock per day.

Our able and obliging Santa Fe weigher, Mr. Hoffman, has had his big scales repaired, and is ready to weigh anybody's old fish story at a moment's notice.

Everybody on the San Bruno Road is wondering what kind of a fellow this man, C. K. Tuttle is—he of Pacific Grove fame. This gentleman was arrested on Wednesday, August 7th, for selling a hair brush on Sunday. Mr. Tuttle is a member of the City Council and was the prime mover in the Sunday closing ordinance. He was the first one to be arrested for violating the ordinance. It behooves one to have no interests in the city or county when in public office, as they may act against their own interests.

The Real Thing has its water tank in place, and soon will have a water main and sewer system which will beat the world for perfection.

Mr. Charles McConnelly, the efficient time keeper of Warren's quarry, took a day off last week and was very much missed by some of the boys who had a desire to draw their time. They had to bide their time, in order to get it.

Robert Fowley, better known as "Jones," is about the handiest man employed by C. A. Warren. There is almost nothing which this gentleman of brains is not capable of doing. In W. McMullin's absence he superintended Warren's quarry with indifferent success, and at the present time is masquerading as a first-class teamster.

Whether he would be accepted into the mysteries of the teamsters' union would be a question which would cause a great deal of agitation amongst the union drivers of the quadrupeds.

Is this something for us all? If loyalty has become obsolete among the women of late years, the men might well plead guilty to another indictment. Chivalry with them has certainly died out. It used to be said of American men that they were very Bayards in knightly homage to their womankind. But where now is that boasted consideration? Women are dragged into print and have their most private and sacred affairs discussed without any redress. It is not so very long ago that courtesy toward the sex in public conveyances used to be the rule. Now it is the exception, and the tone of careless indifference prevails even in matters social. Politeness toward women simply because they are women is now conspicuous by its absence, and there is a give-and-take sort of manners in vogue that is very deficient indeed in the respect shown of yore. Perhaps this is not altogether the fault of the men; it may be that the women have brought this state of affairs on themselves. If the new woman had not appeared it is possible that the old-fashioned gentleman would not have gone out of existence, and that our men might have remained preux chevaliers, but whatever the cause and wherever we may look for the reason, it can not be denied that another very desirable virtue has become practically extinct.

OUR CROPS.

Ferd Salz, the genial commission man, who is the best posted person on the coast side in regard to the quantity and quality of the crops of this section, after a general look over the valley, informs us the output of our grain fields this season will be double that of last. The bean crop, he says, is not so good in proportion to the grain crop as it should be, possibly on account of having been planted too early in many instances. However, it is a very fair crop. The grain, so far as threshed, is turning out well.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

Parents wishing to send their children to school during this school year, will kindly do so now, that the pupils may proceed in the proper manner.

By order of The School Board.

DIES A SUDDEN DEATH.

Henry Offermann, son of Mrs. John Offermann of this city, was found dead about three miles beyond San Rafael yesterday morning. The news of his death was at once telegraphed to his mother who became prostrated on learning the sad intelligence. Young Offermann left here Monday morning with a party of hunters from Menlo Park bound for Mendocino to shoot deer. It is learned that he left the party near Ukiah saying that he would return home. He had \$100 on him when leaving here, but only \$3 of that sum was found in his pockets when he was taken to the morgue in San Rafael. Up to a late hour last evening the particulars of his death were unknown. Whether he was attacked by robbers and beaten or died of exposure is a matter of conjecture. Henry Offermann was a native of Santa Clara county, aged 26 years. James Crowe left yesterday afternoon to bring the body to this city. On his return the cause of his death will be made known.—Times-Gazette.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where working men may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

A Shock to Richard.

Mabel had been waiting for her lover's return for what seemed to her an age. Her heart turned to stone as she thought of him, young, slender, but brave to rashness and recklessness, closeted alone with her stern father in the grim old library. The door opened at last, and he stood before her, a flush on his cheeks and an expression in his eye.

"Did you see papa, Richard?" she asked with trembling eagerness. He held her in his arms for a moment without speaking.

"Yes, dearest," he said at length. "And what did he say, Richard? Tell me what he said! He refused you? Oh, your eyes tell me! He refused; he will not give me you? But I will be—I am yours! I do not fear his harshness—we will fly!"

But Richard looked down into her pleading face and shook his head slowly, like a man in a dream.

"Tell me, then, for I cannot wait! Was he brutal and cruel to you? What did he do? What did he say?"

Richard drew a long, deep breath and again looked down at the face turned up to meet his troubled glance. He sighed and whispered slowly:

"He only said, 'Thank heaven' and went on reading."—Exchange.

Massage For Dyspepsia.

A French medical journal cites a number of cases where great and lasting benefits were derived by people suffering from dyspepsia and abdominal diseases from a gentle massage treatment of the abdomen. One case mentioned is that of a young man aged 20 years who for six months had been suffering with his stomach. In spite of violent treatment he was gradually growing worse and looked like one in the last stages of phthisis. He suffered from constipation and insomnia. He was very nervous and was convinced that he was about to die. After instituting the abdominal massage his condition rapidly improved. His abdomen, which had resembled that of a child with meningitis, became supple and daily enlarged. The treatment was not severe nor very special. His pain disappeared, and he was able to digest all that was given to him. The patient gained in six months about 65 pounds, which he has not lost since that time, now five years ago.—Leslie's Weekly.

Family Prayers at the Jenkinses'.

A Harlem woman recently decided that family prayers were really necessary to the proper bringing up of her young son Johnnie. Mr. Jenkins, nominal head of the family, didn't exactly see the necessity, but, of course, yielded to his wife. The next morning after breakfast the Jenkinses assembled in the sitting room with a feeling of suppressed excitement at the novel proceedings. After the Scriptural reading they knelt beside a long sofa, Mr. Jenkins at one end, Mrs. Jenkins at the other and Johnnie in the middle. Then Mr. Jenkins offered up a prayer invoking the divine presence.

Jenkins' prayer was long and fervent. After it had continued for five minutes Johnnie got restless, decided it was too monotonous and interrupted in his thin, boyish voice with:

"Yes, Dad; come and stay to dinner!" Mr. Jenkins concluded his invocation with an abrupt "Amen!" Johnnie safely out of the way, he strangely remarked to his wife, "That's the limit!"

Family prayers have been abandoned at the Jenkinses'.—New York Times.

READ THIS NOTICE.

\$25 Reward.—The Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo offer a reward of \$25 for evidence that will lead to the arrest and conviction of persons violating the fish and game laws of said county. The following is the open season for taking or killing game or fish in said county each year: Trout, from April 1st to Nov. 1st; deer, from Aug. 1st to Sept. 15th; doves, from Aug. 1st to Feb. 1st; ducks, from Oct. 1st to Feb. 1st; quail, from Nov. 1st to Dec. 1st; rail, from Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th. Shooting rail from boats at high tide prohibited. Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. By order of the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo county. Dated July 15th, 1901.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable native steers strong and in demand. Others lower.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easy prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand but at easier prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are for (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Steers, 8@8½; 2d quality, 7½@7¾; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6½@6¾; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6@6½; thin Cows, 5@6.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under, 6½@6¾; over 250 to 300 lbs, 6¼@6½; rough heavy hogs, 4½@5.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3½@4; L. W. S. 3½@3¾; Suckling Lambs, \$2.50@3 per head; or 4½@5 per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5½@6; over 250 lbs, 4½@4¾.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 6½¢; second quality, 6@6¼¢; first quality cows and heifers, 6¢; second quality, 5½¢; third quality, 4½¢@5¢.

VEAL—Large, 7@8¢; small, good, 9@9½¢; common, 8¢.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7@8¢; Ewes, 6½@7½¢; Suckling Lambs, 8@9¢.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9@9½¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 14¢; picnic hams, 10½¢; Atlanta ham, 10½¢; New York, shoulder, 10½¢.

BACON—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 16¢; light S. C. bacon, 15¢; med. bacon, clear, 12¢; L. med. bacon, clear, 12½¢; clear light, 13½¢; clear ex. light, 14½¢.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.25; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.50; hf-bbl, \$6.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.00.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11¢; do, light, 11½¢; do, Bellies, 11½¢; Extra Clear, bbls, \$22.50; hf-bbls, \$11.50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4.00; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are 3½¢ 5b. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 7½¢ 7½¢ 7½¢ 7½¢ 8½¢ 8½¢ Cal. pure 10½¢ 10½¢ 10½¢ 10½¢ 11½¢ 11½¢

In 5-lb tins the price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.35; 1s \$1.30; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.35; 1s, \$1.30.

TERMS—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

Save Your Money

—By Going to—

Ward, Sweeney & Co.

(Formerly with Kavanagh & Co.)

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

309 and 311 THIRD STREET,

Telephone—Red 1712. San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan Association.

Assets, - - - \$178,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,

Redwood City, Cal.

The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARK, Proprietor.

Walter F. Bailey
Painting and
Decorating

In all its Branches.

104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

H. E. Pymire, M. D.
SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Martin Brick Block, Grand avenue.



First-Class Stock

BOOTS: and: SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and

Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

TRADE MARKS

DESIGNS

COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Orders Solicited.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing

Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

South San Francisco, Cal.

FRENCH LAUNDRY.

MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace

Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

THE VOICE IN THE CHOIR.

Up in the music loft I heard
A voice of wondrous tone,
Like warbling of a happy bird
That joyed o'er winter down.

As singer I was never planned;
So I could not aspire
To rise to such a height as stand
Beside her in the choir.

I loved her, and I thank my wits
Another plan I knew;
I tried it, and—well, now she sits
Beside me in the pew.

Her voice sings, and my heart replies
Rejoicing in love's crown;
She "raised a mortal to the skies,"
I "drew an angel down."
—Town and Country.

HOW JACK GOT EVEN

AT the beginning of the spring term of his junior year "Jack" Long was sent home from college in disgrace. For some months he had been on the tenth course of discipline, and when he was discovered to be the ringleader of a gang of juniors who had stolen the seniors' mortar boards and tied the President of the class of 1900 to an oak tree on the campus the faculty decided that it was time to act. They sentenced "Jack" to temporary retirement, only promising that if he did the proper amount of



"HE PROPOSED TO HER ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT."

work out of college he might be permitted to graduate with his class. Prof. Thomas Erskine Hope was "Jack's" class officer that year, and was held chiefly to blame for the decision to send him home. Prof. Hope, irreverently called "Skinny" in joint allusion to his middle name and to his gaunt and emaciated figure, was a young man not much older than "Jack" and his fellows of the junior class. He had worked his way through college and had taken a post-graduate course at a German university, coming back then to take the chair of botany at his alma mater. He was a young man who took everything seriously, as one might have known after looking at his little brown side whiskers and the white string tie which always encircled his neck. He had no sympathy with and no understanding of the point of view of rich and fun-loving youths like "Jack," to whom life was still a jest. But whatever the professor undertook he did thoroughly, which accounts for the rapidity with which "Jack" Long advanced through all "courses of discipline" allowed by the college rules, until finally he was rusticated on motion of "Skinny." And "Jack" and his classmates, with whom he was popular, held many a conference to discuss ways and means of getting even with "Skinny."

When "Jack" went home for the Easter vacation it was understood that he would not return until the next fall, a matter which gave that young man small concern. He looked upon it simply as a chance to enjoy himself.

In pursuance of that idea he was delighted when his mother announced that as "Jack" would not be busy in college the family would move up to their Pike Lake cottage in northern Wisconsin on June 1, a month earlier than usual.

The family consisted of "Jack," his mother, and his pretty sister, Fanny, who was just out of finishing school. When commencement was over "Jack" had a couple of the "fellows" from college up to spend a month with him, while Miss Fanny was hostess for a bevy of pretty girls, of whom the most important, from Jack's standpoint, was Miss Helen Harvey, a black-eyed daughter of Louisiana, who was spending her first season in the North. "Jack" had met Miss Harvey at the school which she and Fanny both attended, and had so far lost his heart to her as such a thing was possible to him. Now he found himself more strongly under the spell of the old infatuation. With a quick yielding to impulse which was characteristic of him, he proposed to her one moonlight night under the oaks and was laughed at for his pains.

"Why, Jack," said the smiling Miss Helen, "you're really amusing. You've never taken anything seriously in your life, and so you mustn't expect me to listen to you. The idea of a reckless boy like you, who's just been expelled from college, talking about getting married is absurd. Besides, I don't love you. Now, let's go back to the house."

For the next month "Jack" repeated his proposal on an average of once a week. Each time he got practically the same answer. He discovered that under her light and gay manner Miss

Helen Harvey was really an extremely serious young woman. She even had "views" of life, and she told "Jack" that the man she married must be one who had "a work" to do in the world. One good quality about "Jack" Long was the fact that he was persistent and hopeful, and he never for a minute gave up the idea of winning the girl's consent at some time. But he and the other "fellows" agreed that she was a sad flirt.

Then something providential happened. A log hotel stood on the lake shore close to the Longs' cottage. It was patronized chiefly by hunters and fishermen, who came up for a week or two at a time, and "Jack" and his college friends had found plenty of good fellows among them. One night when they dropped into the hotel "office" they were startled to see none other than Prof. Thomas Erskine Hope. The professor was sitting in a big chair with his back to them, and when they boys had made certain they were not mistaken they slipped out of the hotel without a word. Here was a heaven-sent opportunity for them to get even with "Skinny." How would they do it? They might "send him to Coventry," but that would probably suit him exactly.

"I suppose," said Fred Elliot, who, next to "Jack," was the wildest man in the class of '01, "that old 'Skinny' has come up here to study coniferous cryptograms in their native haunts. If we let him alone that'll be just what he wants. We've got to get up some other scheme to make him miserable."

It took until midnight to decide on a plan of action. When the boys went to bed they were agreed that poor old "Skinny" would soon be "up against it." They had a scheme which they were sure would result in his undoing. They could hardly wait until morning to try it on.

Now, at college Prof. Thomas Erskine Hope was noted as the most modest and retiring of men. At sight of a woman he blushed, and he almost resigned his chair when co-education was introduced into the college. The plan of the conspirators was based on their knowledge of this fact. They would go over to the hotel in the morning and welcome the "dear professor" with the "glad hand." They would insist on his coming over to the cottage, where he would be presented to Miss Fanny and her girl friends, and, by way of preparing a pleasant time for him, they would tell the girls in advance of what was on deck.

"And if he once gets his eyes on Helen Harvey," said Fred Elliot, "he'll never have another quiet moment, eh, Jack?"

Next morning the plan was carried out. It worked to perfection. The poor professor blushed and stammered when he was presented to the array of girls, and he almost had a fit when Miss Helen sat down beside him and asked about his work. The conspirators went out into the woods and almost exploded with laughter when they heard "Skinny" accept an invitation to stay to luncheon at the cottage.

That afternoon the plot thickened. The professor did not go out to study conifers until 4 o'clock. When he started out Miss Helen Harvey went with him, carrying a basket and a



"WHEN HE STARTED MISS HARVEY WENT WITH HIM."

trowel. It was almost dinner time when they came back, and Helen appeared intensely interested. She insisted that the professor stay to dinner.

"We've found three rare varieties," she said at the table, "and Prof. Hope is going to show me how to identify them after dinner."

The professor and Miss Helen worked over their books and specimens until after 10 o'clock that night, and when the somewhat worried "Jack" went in to ask Helen to come out in the moonlight and sing he was told to run along and not bother. Next day the professor and Helen had another engagement to look for conifers, and they spent the evening again poring over their specimens.

The boys felt that their joke was rather getting away from them. "Jack" put on a playful manner and ventured to remark to Helen one morning a couple of weeks later that "she was leading old 'Skinny' a merry chase." To his astonishment the young woman flushed up rosy red and declared that if he was alluding to Prof. Hope as "Skinny" he had better mend his manners. That she found a man who had some serious purpose in life a great relief as compared with a lot of idlers. That convinced "Jack" that matters had gone quite far enough, and he determined to do something desperate.

One afternoon Helen and the professor, who by this time were inseparable, had rowed across the lake to a bank where the professor felt sure he would find something new in the line of lichens. They had pulled up the boat on the bank and had disappeared into

the woods when "Jack" and young Elliot came up.

"We'll steal the boat and hide it," said Elliot, "and then, when they've both had a good scare we'll go back and give them the laugh. They make me tired, and I think it's about time that Helen let up on poor old 'Skinny,' anyhow. She'll drive him daffy."

The professor's boat was hidden and the boys waited for the couple to reappear. When an hour had gone by and there was still no sign of them both "Jack" and Elliot began to get alarmed. "There are plenty of cats in the woods, you know," "Jack" said, "and now and then a bear. I guess we had better go and see if anything has happened to them."

Accordingly the boys got out of the boat and pressed their way into the woods. As they broke through the underbrush which cut off a little moss-covered knoll from the water a sight met their eyes which startled them both into speechless and open-eyed silence.

Helen was sitting on top of a low stump. At the foot of the stump knelt the professor, looking up at the girl and holding one of her hands tightly clasped in his.

"A-hem," said Elliot.

The professor turned and Helen climbed down from the stump and stood at his side.

"Young gentlemen," began old "Skinny," in his most formal classroom manner. "Miss Harvey has promised to be my wife. We had not intended to announce it until after I have had the honor of calling upon her father, and I am sure we can trust to your honor as gentlemen to keep our engagement a secret until you are released by a public announcement. In the meantime, Mr. Long," went on "Skinny," "I have to thank you for bringing a great happiness into my life."—Chicago Tribune.

FIRST MINISTERS IN VIRGINIA.

All-Round Men, Who Went to Cock-Fights as Well as Prayers.

Landon Knight, the correspondent, has made a special study of the early church history of Virginia. The fruit of one of his latest journeys is a timely and patriotic article, "Where the Spirit of Independence Was Born." It appears in the Woman's Home Companion. He touches many old customs, and has the following to say of the ministers of the established church: "If there is a striking characteristic of this early church it was the mutual devotion of pastor and flock. In this day, when the church and its members occupy so largely a merely business relation to each other, it is difficult for us to understand the regime of that time. With tender words of hope the pastor soothed and strengthened the departing soul; he married them, he settled family quarrels, and if he were not present when they came into the world he was pretty sure to be on the premises, for the rector of that day loved excitement. He occupied in nothing a position apart from his parishioners, but lived the fullness of their lives, thought with them, ate with them, and it must be confessed, drank with them, sometimes to excess. If he did not like to miss any races, and frequently himself rode the winning horse under the wire; if sometimes he presided with great dignity and fairness as referee at aristocratic cocking mains, or put new life into the betting by offering to wager a year's titling on the winning bird, he was at all times an elegant gentleman in all that the word implies; his teachings were sound, and despite his faults his influence was decidedly good. Narrow in some things and very intolerant in others, he was nevertheless religious, and it may be said of him, as it was of poor Dick Steele, that he spent his time equally between sinning and repenting. In the ceremonials and outward forms of religion he was a martinet, and he could forgive a duel somewhat more readily than absence from church."

Jefferson's Horse Like David Harum's. Many of Joseph Jefferson's amusing sayings are quoted by James S. Metcalfe in the account in the Ladies' Home Journal of a visit paid to the veteran actor in his winter quarters at Palm Beach, Florida. He uses a tricycle for the short journeys possible about that place. Once, as he dismounted from it, he remarked: "My horse is like David Harum's; he'll stand without hitching. And he's better than a bicycle because he doesn't have to have anything to lean up against." On another occasion, when caught in a rain storm and the wind made it difficult for one rain-coat to keep both the actor and his companion dry, Mr. Jefferson said, philosophically, not complainingly, "I don't mind being wet all over, because then you don't notice any one place. But this being wet in spots kind of calls your attention to them."

Lines on Dean Swift.

The subjoined lines on the "witty dean" were affixed on the night of his installation, in 1713, to the doors of the cathedral of Saint Patrick:

This place he got by wit and rhyme
And other ways most odd;
And might a bishop be in time—
Did he believe in God.

Look down, Saint Patrick!—look, we pray,
On this thy church and steeple;
Convert thy dean on this great day,
Or else God help the people.

—Notes and Queries.

Doctors Scarce in Hungary.

In Hungary there are thousands of villages and hundreds of small towns without a doctor within ten miles.

Do good for good's sake and seek neither praise nor reward.

Every man knows words of himself that he knows of others.

CIVIL WAR HERO GONE.



GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

The recent death of Gen. Daniel Butterfield at his country home in New York takes from the muster rolls of the Civil War almost the last of the surviving general officers of the volunteer army. He was never a soldier of surpassing genius or achievements, but his patriotism was unquestioned and his services to his country were important and long continued. From the time when, as Colonel of a New York regiment, he volunteered to drill the home guard organized for the defense of the national capital until the final surrender of Lee, he was almost continuously in active service, taking part in twenty-eight battles, being twice severely wounded, and three times brevetted for bravery. When the war was over Gen. Butterfield held commission as a Major General of volunteers, and also held a brevet of the same rank in the regular army. Though he retired from the army in 1869 to take up large responsibilities in civil life, he never lost his strong patriotism and his military spirit. When the Spanish-American war broke out he strongly urged upon the Secretary of War the advisability of calling out the members of the Grand Army post to which he belonged, the members of which were ready to fight again for the country they had once defended. Though not a graduate of West Point, he was by instinct and training a soldier, and his body was buried in the national cemetery on the Hudson, where sleep so many gallant soldiers.

"THE OTHER WOMAN."

To Her Pierre Lorillard Left a Handsome Share of His Estate.

It has become the rule rather than the exception that the wills of men of great wealth are contested by the natural heirs, who are disappointed with the shares bequeathed them or indignant at the provision made for some person or persons whom they consider as having no moral or equitable right to share in the estate. Unfortunately in many instances these contests are accompanied by revelations of discreditable chapters in the lives of the testators, which during their lives have been sealed books to the general public.

The will of the late Pierre Lorillard, who died recently leaving an estate of \$4,000,000, is to be contested because of a handsome bequest to Mrs. Lillie Al-



MRS. LILLIE ALLEN.

lien, who was not a relative, but who was the friend and companion of Mr. Lorillard for several years just preceding his demise.

To his widow Mr. Lorillard bequeathed an annuity of \$50,000. To two grandsons he left \$800,000. The balance of the estate, excepting the famous Rancocas stock farm in New Jersey, is left in trust to his three children, to have the income; the estate to go to his grandchildren on the death of their parents. The stock farm, valued at \$200,000, is bequeathed to Mrs. Allen.

It is not the mere matter of money which inclines the Lorillard heirs to contest the will. Mrs. Lorillard's son and daughters are determined that what they consider her rights shall be upheld. They object to any recognition of the other woman.

Mrs. Allen, Mr. Lorillard's friend-ship for whom is declared to have been a scandal at Newport by his daughter's husband, is a beautiful woman, tall, with charming figure and great brown eyes. She is about 33 years of age. In 1891, when she was Lillian Barnes, she met Mr. Lorillard and he was captivated by her beauty. Soon afterwards she went on a long cruise with him, and from that time forward they were rarely separated. She was the ruler of his yacht and presided at his table when he entertained. Protests from his family were of no avail.

Four or five years ago Lillian convinced Mr. Lorillard that she should wed. An Englishman, Lewis Allen, little known in New York, became her

husband. The ceremony that gave Lillian Barnes the name of Allen was performed in a New York church. Pierre Lorillard was present and it is said gave the bride to the husband. Some servants acted as audience and witnesses.

When the ceremony ended the bride coolly nodded adieu to her husband at the church door. She spoke to him as one who addresses an ordinary acquaintance. In truth she did not know him very well. Mrs. Allen entered Mr. Lorillard's carriage and was driven away. Allen caught a train for the West and, it is reported, he has obligingly died.

Mrs. Allen lives at No. 11 West 31st street, the home which Lorillard gave her years ago. Her father lives with her. Here Mr. Lorillard, being estranged from his wife, lodged whenever he was in the metropolis.

Mrs. Allen was abroad eight months with Lorillard when his health was failing, and she accompanied him when he came home to die. She was with him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel when he died. Mrs. Lorillard was notified that her husband was dying and wanted to see her. The family are divided in their statement as to whether Mrs. Lorillard went to the hotel. It is generally believed she answered her dying husband's summons, that she met Mrs. Allen and that a painful scene ensued.

While the stock farm is all that Mrs. Allen receives by her admirer's will, it is claimed that he had provided for her very liberally during the years they were together, presenting her with whole blocks of stocks and bonds. Her jewels are among the finest in New York.

Mrs. Allen feels no doubt that the courts will uphold her rights in the will. She has stated that she and Mr. Lorillard were merely good friends and companions, and that they never met until after Lorillard and his wife were estranged.

Machine Threads Needles.

A little machine which threads 1,000 needles a minute is in Minneapolis. It was seen by L. S. Donaldson, of Minneapolis, in St. Gall, Switzerland, on a recent visit, and he had it sent to his place of business in Minneapolis, merely as an exhibit. The purpose of the machine is to thread needles that are placed afterward in an embroidery loom for making the Swiss or Hamburg lace. The device is almost entirely automatic. It takes the needle from a hopper, carries it along and threads, ties the knot, cuts the thread off a uniform length, then carries the needle across an open space and sticks it in a rack. The work of threading these needles was formerly done by hand, and the advance from what may be done by hand to a thousand a minute by machinery is an index of the progress of the Swiss republic.—Chicago Journal.

Canal Tolls.

The toll on an ordinary ship passing through the Suez Canal averages about \$4,000. The distance is ninety-two miles.

Every one in the world has kin that become a problem at a time of a wedding or a party.

If there is a drunkard in a brass band, it is nearly always the bass player.

WILD-ANIMAL LIFE.

Unwritten History of the Many Tragedies of the Woods.

One day in the fall of 1888, in the mountains of Northern Colorado, while engaged about the ranch, I saw up at the head of the meadow, a half-mile away, a bunch of a dozen antelope coming down from the hills at full speed, closely pursued by some black animal. I knew that it must be a black wolf, since an occasional one had been seen, and nothing else that I could think of could run as this was running. All who are familiar with antelope know how wonderful is their speed; there are a very, very few animals which can equal them.

When I first saw them the wolf was perhaps five or six rods behind, and during the distance I could see them (possibly eighty rods) it was gaining steadily but surely, and as they went out of sight into the hills on the other side of the meadow it was seemingly about two jumps behind, and they began to scatter as it was closing in on them.

I was so intensely interested that I was fairly riveted to the spot, and not until they had disappeared did I awaken to action. I ran to the bunk-house, got my gun, and ran up a steep, timbered hillside for a near cut to an open valley, for which they were headed, believing it would catch one within a short distance. When I got to the edge of the timber on top of the hill I saw the antelope all huddled together and standing still, just as sheep do after being scared. The antelope would have offered a good shot if it had been meat I was after, but I cared nothing for getting an antelope, but I did want a shot at the wolf.

Judging from the actions of the others, I felt certain it had caught one, but the surrounding country was composed of ridges, ravines and patches of timber, and notwithstanding my careful search, I failed to find any trace of the wolf and its prey.

As I trudged back home after my fruitless chase, I meditated, as I have often done since, on the long unwritten history of wild animal life in regions where man has not broken in upon the natural conditions; of the contests and conquests among nature's wild creatures, from the smallest up to the monarchs of the forest, all unknown and unrecorded, save on rare occasions when we by chance see for ourselves or see the evidence thereof, terminating, of course, in the "survival of the fittest."

At one time I was passing along the edge of the woods in winter when there was snow. I saw the track of a lynx, where it had been leisurely traveling along, when the tracks showed where it had stopped behind a pine bush and squatted down in the snow, then made a tremendous leap out into the open field and ran a few rods, evidently at its best pace.

There was the track of a jack-rabbit coming down at right angles with the course the lynx was going, until directly opposite where the lynx was crouching behind the bush and about fifteen feet away, then a sudden turn, and their tracks were mixed together in the race for life or a meal; but soon the tracks showed where Jack had left his pursuer behind, and the lynx went on his way at his regular gait, but, we will suppose, not rejoicing, thus showing the "survival of the swiftest."

Had Jack failed to get out of reach and the lynx made the proposed connections there would have been a bloody trampled spot on the snow, a few patches of white fur, and only the lynx track leading thither. Written on the snow like the great white pages of a book the observer may read most interesting tales as he passes along, and learn the life and habits of nature's wild creatures.—Forest and Stream.

Chinese Learning.

There is much to be learned after the world captures China. Many scientists believe that the nucleus of great events is imbedded amid the mysteries of that great region of country, which may not be so benighted as is generally supposed. The preservation of grapes, to make use of one illustration of Chinese industry, is one of the many things that is only known in that country. Millions have been spent in civilized countries in futile attempts to preserve this fruit. The Chinese have known the secret for many centuries and millions more have been vainly used in the effort to drag from them the recipe.

Holman Hunt.

Holman Hunt, the celebrated artist, who painted "The Light of the World," is a subdued-looking man, well past middle age, with a snow-white beard and small, sunken blue eyes. He resides at Putney, near London, in an old-fashioned house furnished in the most artistic style. The present Mrs. Holman Hunt is the artist's second wife. They have two children, a boy and a girl, who are prettily named Gladys and Hilary, and who both give promise of artistic abilities.

The Same Effect.

It is observed by travelers in Siberia that the effect of constant cold is practically the same as the effect of constant heat. The people develop a disinclination to work, and become strangers to ambition of any description.

Ancient Dictionary.

The Chinese dictionary compiled by Pa-cut-shie, 1,100 years B. C., is the most ancient of any lexicon recorded in literary history.

Eggs in France.

More eggs are produced in France than in any country in the world, the number being about 42,000,000 annually.

The only blusterer from which brave man will take a blow is the wind.

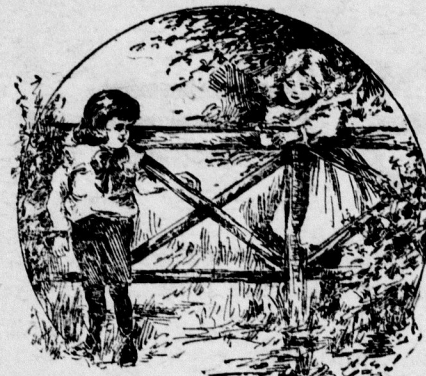


Neighbors.
Jacky and Janie live side by side;
They're neighbors close in a cozy way,
And oh, what pleasure they have indoors
Or out in the street at play!
Ah, deary me! If they'd always agree,
What fun they could have in their play!

For Jacky and Janie keep "house" and
"school,"
And sometimes they set up a store and
trade;

But once in a while things don't go right,
And they quarrel then, I'm afraid.
Yes, deary me! These two disagree
And quarrel at times, I'm afraid.

Then they play apart for the morning
through,
And never a neighbor's word they say;
But they don't seem happy—I wonder
why—
And it isn't a pleasant day.



Ah, deary me! Why can't they agree,
And make it a pleasant day?

But after luncheon they side out,
And Janie, perhaps, has a piece of
cake,

And she stands close up to the garden
fence,
So Jacky a bite can take.
For, deary me! They soon would agree
If Jacky a bite would take!

She holds it out with a sidelong glance,
And Jacky moves up and takes a bite.
And then—the trouble is past and gone;
They will play together till night.

Yes, deary me! They now can agree,
And they'll play together till night!
—Youth's Companion.

The Shadow Dance.



Money Earning for Little Folks.
It may be a help to those who are
teaching little people to earn and save—
an important lesson—to read the fol-
lowing list of ways in which children
have earned money, as compiled by the
Congregationalist:

Washing windows.
Picking apples and other fruits.
Raking up leaves.
Doing errands.
Picking over raisins.
Weeding in the garden and the paths.
Picking up pins at a cent a dozen.
Raising vegetables.
Caring for animals.
Washing and wiping dishes.
Ironing.
Singing for the old folks.
Hemming papa's handkerchiefs.
Dusting.
Beating rugs and mats.
Storing cherries.
Making and selling paper pillows.
Gathering and selling wild flowers,
autumn leaves, etc.

Mending.
Caring for the baby.
Hemming towels, etc.
Waiting on grandpa and grandma.
Reading aloud.
Caring for the table silver.
Making and selling lamp-lighters and
iron-holders.
Self-denial of candy, sugar, butter,
etc.

How Paper Will Float.
I fancy that if questioned most people
would say that a sheet of paper would
not float for any length of time on
water, and certainly would not bear
any weight. But experiment proves the
contrary. Indeed, the number of things
that can be done with floating paper
will not only surprise old people, but
will furnish amusement for children. A
sheet of ordinary writing-paper, if pro-
perly adjusted, will float for an ap-
parently indefinite period. Four half-
sheets, which I floated by way of a
test were as dry on the upper surface
after having been on the water for
ten days as when I first placed them on
the liquid.

But what surprised most of all was

to learn the weight these floating pa-
pers can carry. One day while I was
experimenting with them I rather care-
lessly placed a large wooden spoon on
one of the half-sheets, expecting, of
course, to see the paper go to the bot-
tom immediately. This did not happen,
however, and my aroused curiosity
prompted me to add greater weight.
Recklessly I laid my four-bladed pen-
knife on top of the spoon; to my aston-
ishment the paper still remained float-
ing; and even when I placed on more
freight, in the shape of four one-cent
pieces, it obstinately refused to sink.—
Woman's Home Companion.

Got the Job.
A young man who is now well up
the list of high-salaried officers of a
big manufacturing company said sev-
eral days ago that he owed his first
opportunity to show his ability to the
fact that he was not afraid to soil his
clothes. He was one of half a dozen
young men just graduated from sci-
entific schools who entered the shops of
this company as students.

They were expected to show that
they were practical workmen, but most
of them preferred theory to practice.
The manager of the company was a
self-taught man, and he didn't take
much stock in scientific schools.

The young man who has succeeded
took his measure accurately, and, put-
ting on old clothes, went to work in
the shops. Whether by accident or de-
sign he was noticed by the manager
one day stretched out on his back un-
der a heavy casting, with a hammer
and cold chisel in his hand working
away as if he had no higher ambition.
A week later the manager summoned
him to the office.

"Didn't I see you under the casting
several days ago?" he asked.
"Yes."

"Well, I find that we have a vacancy
on our staff now, and you may fill it if
you choose."

The young man did choose, and his
progress has been rapid. He does
not have to soil his clothes now to
prove his ability.

Tit for Tat.
"Mamma," said 3-year-old Maggie,
"I love grandpa so much that when I
grow up I'm going to marry him."

"Why, dear," replied the astonished
mother, "you can't do that. He's my
father."

"Well, what if he is," rejoined Mar-
gie. "You married my father, didn't
you?"

Proved by the Book.
"What did Columbus discover?" asked
the teacher of the juvenile class.
"The Atlantic Ocean," answered the
small boy at the foot of the class.

"How do you know that?" asked the
teacher.
"Because," replied the youthful stu-
dent, "my book says he came across it."

Little One Wanted to Know.
"But you know, children," said the
Sunday school teacher, who had been
talking of the soul's immortality, "that
when we die it is only our bodies that
are buried."

"Please, sir," queried a small pupil,
"what do they do with our heads?"

Worse Than Whipping.
Tommy—Does your mamma ever
whip you?
Johnny—No; but she does worse than
that.

Tommy—What does she do?
Johnny—Washes my neck every
morning.

Sacred Hash.
Succotash was a new dish at small
Bobby's house, but he evinced a decid-
ed fondness for it, and, passing up his
plate for a second portion, said: "Mam-
ma, please give me some more of the
sacred hash."

GREAT RIVER OF SIBERIA.
Floating Down the Amour Is the Ex-
perience of a Lifetime.

A traveler in Siberia had the novel
experience of floating down one of the
greatest rivers in the world—the Amour
—which is practically unknown to
geographers as yet. "At Khabarovsk,"
he says, "though we were more than
500 miles from its mouth, it was fully a
mile and a half wide and flowed in a
strong, full current, which fact we real-
ized for many a day thereafter as we
made our slow and toilsome way
against it. The Amour is one of the
few greatest rivers of the world. In
length it is equaled by no river in Eu-
rope and is surpassed only by the
Yang-tse-Kiang and Yenisei in Asia, by
the Nile and Congo in Africa and by the
Amazon and McKenzie in America,
though if we reckon the Mississippi
and Missouri as one river it is longer
than any of them except the Nile. Its
water is somewhat muddy at Vladivos-
tok, but nothing like the consistency
of the Mississippi at St. Louis. It can-
not be said to be 'both food and drink.'
As we ascend its swift current it con-
stantly grows clearer, until 1,000 miles
further up it is about the color of white
wine and is sweet and wholesome to
the taste.

"Its shores are still in their virgin
greenery. For hundreds of miles at a
time one sees not a cultivated field,
though doubtless some such tilled land
lies back from the river and out of
sight. Great wood piles for the use of
the frequent river steamers are the
most common objects that show the
hand of man, but even these are often
in desperately lonely spots, so that one
can scarcely believe that they were ever
visited by human beings. And yet all
this immense river basin of 500,000
square miles is apparently fertile and
habitable and when we saw it was
glowing in rich and brilliant verdure.
Surely the world is not yet overpopu-
lated while such a lordly domain is waiting
for the plow and the reaper."



The Gum Gatherers.
Picking spruce gum and selling it to
chewing gum manufacturers is a
source of income for a great many men
in the Adirondacks and other northern
forests—guides and small farmers—
while others make it a business the
year through. The gum appears on the
tree trunks like drops of wax. The
gatherer, armed with a long pole on the
end of which are fastened a can and a
sharp chisel cuts loose the chunks of
gum, which fall into the can and are
transferred to a basket or bag.

The gatherers in winter will travel on snow-
shoes 10 or 15 miles through the forest,
sleeping at night in some old hunter's
deserted shack.

There are three kinds of spruce in the
Adirondacks—red, black and white. The
best gum is gathered from the sapwood
of the white spruce. The rarest of the
gums is the "blister," which is translu-
cent and turns blue after being chewed.
After being scraped, washed and
brightened it sells for \$1.50 a pound.

There is a coarser grade, composed of
blister scrapings mixed with particles
of bark. Placed on trays of cotton
cloth in a steam tank, the gum is
drawn out and yields the producer 50
cents a pound, forming the ordinary
chewing gum of commerce. Some man-
ufacturers adulterate the gum with
paraffin, resin and chicle.—Country
Gentleman.

Like Old Friends Meet.
"No," said Mr. Meddersgrass, "the
Consolidated, Combined, Colossal Meg-
atherium an Mastodontic Monarchs of
the Minstrel World didn't do well in
our town. They didn't tell a single joke
that any of us could remember, an we
didn't get the funny points fingered
out until two weeks after they had left
town, which was, of course an conse-
quently, too late for applause. Give us
a joke that we recognize as such from
old acquaintance an we'll do our parts
as an audience, but when any of these
new model witticisms, so to speak, is
handed out to us we got to study over
'em first before indulging in the proper
amount of laughter."—Baltimore
American.

Followed Instructions.
At Gloucester some time ago a man
was sentenced to one month's hard
labor for stealing a bottle of medicine
that he had been asked to deliver by
the doctor in the village in which he
lived. Some months after he was
brought up on a similar charge and
when in the dock was asked what he
had to say in his defense.

"Well, your honor," he replied, "I
was asked by the doctor to call again
for another patient's medicine, and the
bottle stood on the doctor's desk la-
beled, 'to be taken as before.'"

He was discharged amid roars of
laughter.—London Fun.

Mother Goose Repartee.
The Little Boy had been trying to go
into vaudeville, with ill success, and
he was obviously in a fault finding hu-
mor as he sat under the haycock with
Boopee.

"I fall to see the reason why you se-
cure such widespread advertisement,"
he exclaimed pettishly.
"Especially," retorted Boopee, "when
you are so vigorously blowing your
own horn."

"You neglect your charges shameful-
ly. I believe even now they are lost,"
he pursued.
"Oh, they'll all come home, like your
press agents, bringing their tales be-
hind them," returned Boopee airily.

Hereupon the Little Boy looked rather
sheepish for an instant. "Your long
continued association with crooks is
corrupting your morals and manners,"
he cried, recovering himself.

At this Boopee blushed, but made no
reply. Perhaps, after all, it was jeal-
ousy that made the Little Boy Blue.—
New York Sun.

Going All the Time.
"I see a Wisconsin man claims to
have solved the perpetual motion prob-
lem."

"That's nothing. I have a model of
a perpetual motion machine at my
house now."

"Does it work successfully?"
"From the standpoint of perpetual
motion, you bet it does."

"Have you given it a name?"
"Sure."

"What do you call it?"
"Jimmie," and it was 5 years old its
last birthday.—Chicago Post.

**Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills cure sick head-
aches, constipation, biliousness and dyspepsia.
They also purify the blood. Sold in 10c and 25c
boxes by all druggists.**

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the
Signature of *Wm. D. Little*
That Cough needs Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.

HOW TO TREAT CATS.

**Diet of Raw Meat, Eggs and Milk
Should Be Their Portion.**

Cats are by nature dainty, even in
their cruelties. There is all manner of
feline grace in the way they play with
mice. Cats suffer much less from con-
stant housing than dogs, although they
run wild much more readily and never
quite get over their murderous in-
stincts. A cat of fancy breed, as Mal-
tese, Angora,coon cat or Manx, is a
possession more fashionable than pre-
cious. Each and several, they are no
end decorative, but in affection, intel-
ligence and playfulness they rank be-
low their black, gray, tiger marked
and tortoise shell brethren.

White cats are in general more save-
age and less intelligent than gray or
tortoise shell. Many of them have blue
eyes, and all such are said to be stone
deaf; hence they are less desirable in
the house. Unlike dogs, cats require
to have their meat raw, but they must
not have too much of it. Milk should
constitute at least a third of their food.
Crumble stale bread in the milk and
now and again beat up a raw egg in it.

A bit of raw liver as big as two fingers
or a fish head is meat enough for a
day's ration. Supplement it with milk
and bread or milk and mashed pota-
toes, a cracker or two or a bit of hard
bread lightly buttered and a few small
bones, as from chicken, game or chops.

Cats as well as dogs suffer a plague
of fleas. Oddly enough, cat fleas are
unlike dog fleas, and if the two sorts
of insects meet upon one poor beast
there is a fight to the finish, ending com-
monly in victory for the cat fleas, which
are much bigger and more voracious
than those found on the dog. If left
to ravage unchecked, they soon reduce
a sleek, healthy cat to a miserable skele-
ton, suffering all over from eczema.

To get rid of the fleas wash with sul-
phur soap—an good brand which the
nearest shop affords—comb out the fleas
with a fine tooth comb while the hair
is still wet, then rinse the cat well in
milk warm water, dry it with soft tow-
els and give it after the bath a saucer
of warm milk with a teaspoonful of
brandy or whisky in it. A kitten
should have only a few drops of spir-
its and be kept snug in a clean basket
an hour after the bath.

When the hair is very dry, blow in
all along the backbone some sort of
good fine insect powder, either lark-
spur or pyrethrum. Rub behind the
ears with the sulphur ointment direct-
ed for dogs. Next day brush out all
the powder with a fine, close brush,
comb the coat lightly, then part it
along the backbone and rub with the
sulphur ointment.

For mange rub all over with the sul-
phur ointment. Keep the cat confined so
it cannot lie in the dirt and after 24
hours wash it well in hot soapsuds—
just comfortably hot, not scalding—
rinse dry and leave alone. In three
days, if the mange persists, repeat the
ointment and after the treatment give
the cat plenty of catnip, either green or
dry, with milk and bread diet. Catnip
indeed ought to be given always twice
a week. Burn infected bedding and
fumigate sleeping baskets, or else wash
them well in bichloride of mercury.

Let them stand six hours after wash-
ing, then scald plentifully with boiling
water and dry well before letting the
cat sleep in them again.—Washington
Star.

Four Perfect Women.
The prophet Mohammed is reported
to have said that "among men there
have been many perfect, but not more
than four of the other sex have attain-
ed perfection—to wit, Asiah, Mary,
Khadijah and Fatima." Asiah was the
wife of the pharaoh of the Exodus.
She forsook the faith of her fathers, on
account of which her husband subject-
ed her to many cruelties. The Virgin
Mary was the second perfect woman,
Mohammed stating that "she had been
exalted above all the women of the
world." Khadijah was the first wife
of the prophet, "a princess among
women." Fatima, according to Moham-
med, was the fourth perfect woman,
she being his beloved daughter.

Too Much.
"And I," she said in a burst of con-
fidence, "have faults like you, George."

"In that case, Miss Gaggins," he
broke in, with a startled look, "I think
we had better call the engagement off."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

ECZEMA

Eczema sets the skin on fire. The acid poisons in
the blood are forced out through the pores of the skin,
causing intense redness, burning and itching. So terrible
is the itching at times, especially when the body is over-
heated, that the almost distracted sufferer feels that he
could tear the skin to pieces, and that he must scratch or
go crazy. He knows from experience that this only
makes matters worse, but made desperate by the terrible
burning and itching, he is for the time being indifferent to after effects. There
are several forms of Eczema, the moist, or weeping kind, that comes in little pus-
tules which discharge a watery, sticky fluid, which dries and peels off in bran-like
scales. So profuse is the discharge at times that large scabs or crusts form, which
are both painful and troublesome, and not easily removed. Red, disfiguring bumps
and sores are symptoms of Eczema. The dry form usually attacks the head,
hands and feet; the skin, becoming hard and rough, often cracking open and
bleeding, and attended with much itching. Eczema depends upon a poisoned con-
dition of the blood, and local applications, while soothing and cooling, and may to some
extent relieve the inflammation and itching, cannot be considered cures, because
external remedies do not reach constitutional or blood diseases. Salves, ointments,
powders, lotions and soaps do more harm than good, by
smearing over and sealing up the pores of the skin, thus
forcing the poison back into the blood. S. S. S. antiseptics and neutralizes the acid
poisons and drives out of the circulation all impurities and humors, and the pe-
rich blood that is carried to the diseased skin quickly allays the inflammation,
opens the clogged pores, and the skin becomes soft, smooth and ready to perform
its proper functions. To be rid of Eczema you must first purify and build up the
blood, and nothing so surely and effectually does this as S. S. S., the only guaran-
teed purely vegetable blood purifier. Send for our book on blood and skin diseases,
and write our physicians for any information or advice you may desire. Medical
advice and book free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured me entirely, removing every blotch and
pimple from my body. I shall not fail to recom-
mend S. S. S. whenever an opportunity occurs."**

**Mr. L. Manno, Escondido, San Diego County,
Cal., writes: "My body broke out with a rash
or eruption which in spite of all efforts to cure
continued to get worse. The itching, especially
at night, was simply terrible; it would almost
appear at times, only to return worse than
ever. I had tried many highly recommended
preparations without benefit, and hearing of S.
S. S. determined to give it a fair trial, and was
incredibly delighted when a few bottles
cured**

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY . . .

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

:::

—PACKERS OF THE—

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

:::

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.